WORLD SOCCER

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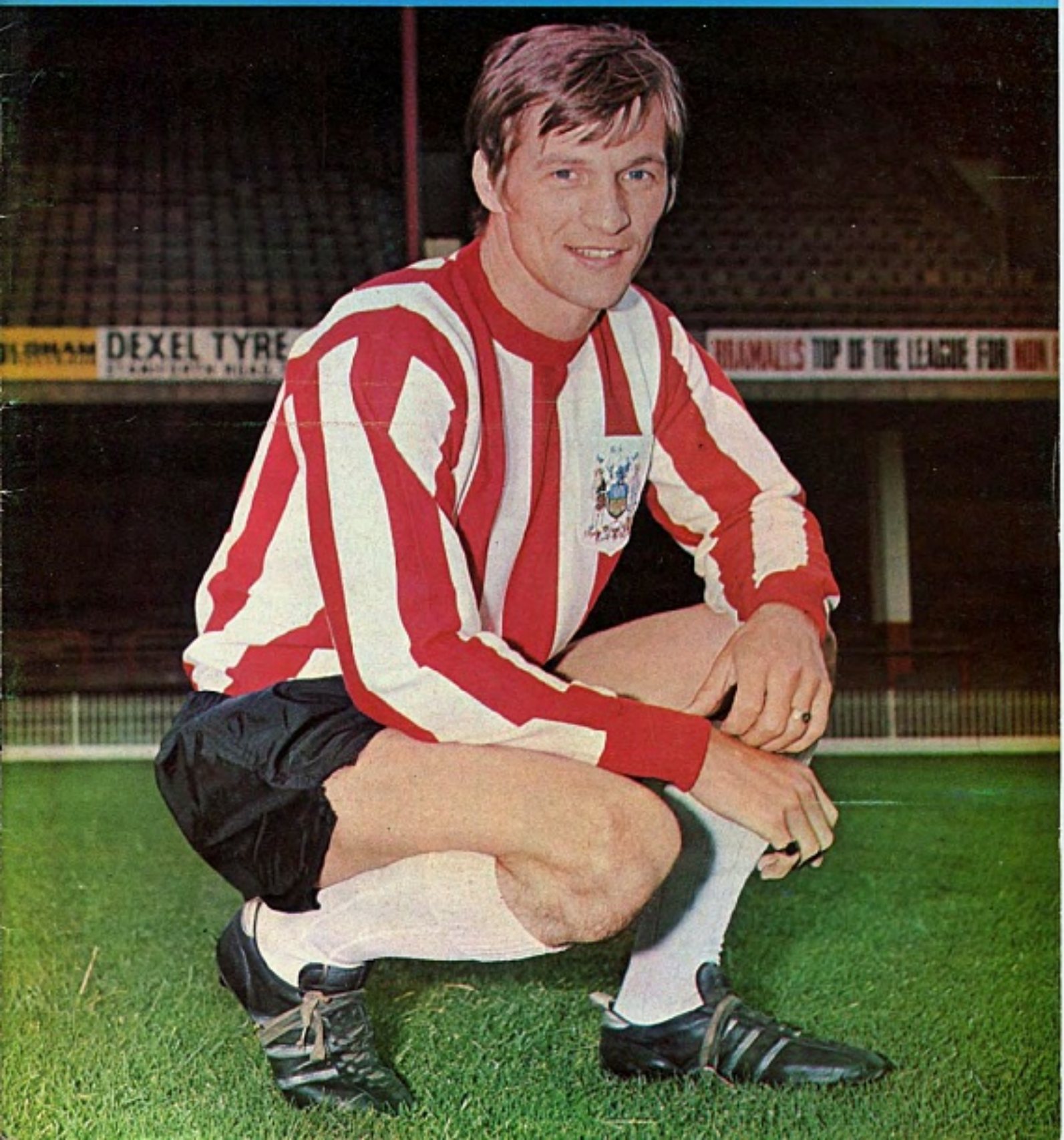
OCTOBER 1971



World SOCCER
MARCIAL Barcelona

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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Progress has been achieved

WORLD SOCCER marches into its twelfth year with this issue. As we do so, it is encouraging to see League football in England benefiting, slowly but surely, from the stricter control being displayed by referees.

This magazine has for long campaigned for referees to take a harsher line with those who infringe the Laws of the game. Things are certainly getting better but the current situation is still far from ideal.

Everybody must be glad that tackling from behind has at last been outlawed. It was a crude and unnecessary aspect of professional football in this country. But some referees appear uncertain whether to allow any tackling whatsoever.

Not every foul committed is worthy of a booking. Players can commit a foul accidentally and referees must, obviously, use their commonsense. Consistency is important, too, and this above all is what is lacking at present.

But progress is definitely being made. The skilful players are beginning to show their talent again and I'm particularly glad to see the sting taken out of the tackling of certain so-called First Division defenders.

THE EDITOR

COVER PICTURE

Featured on our front cover this month is Stewart Scullion, formerly of Watford but now part of the Sheffield United success story. Scullion has played a major part in taking United, promoted only last season, to the top of the First Division.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

With effect from the November issue, the price of "World Soccer" will be 20p. This regrettable but wholly necessary step has been taken to offset escalating production costs. There was no increase in the price of "World Soccer" when the number of pages was raised from 48 to 52 in April of this year.

AJAX SAY 'NO' TO NACIONAL

THE Comedy of Refusals, a new play by Ajax Amsterdam and National Montevideo in five acts, has been performed with conspicuous futility in front of a selected audience from the Press. But when the curtain was finally rung down and the footlights dimmed we were well left with two stadia in Holland and Uruguay that will be silent and empty on November 11 and December 8, the abortive dates for this year's grand confrontation for the World Club Championship.

Ever since they rescued the European Cup from their own over-zealous supporters in front of Wembley's Royal Box, Ajax have been saying that they had no intention of going to South America to play in a competitive football match. But it was only when two National officials arrived in Europe to make the arrangements and were sent packing, that either UEFA or the South American Confederation took such statements seriously.

The UEFA president, Gustav Wiederkehr, spoke to Ajax's president, Jaap Van Praag, on the telephone from Berne, and said he could not understand what all the fuss was about. Van Praag told him: "You must be aware of the number of players injured and insulted in these matches, and how many of them have ended in a riot. I'm not prepared to risk my players being forced to undergo such humiliation, and I don't feel that UEFA can honestly disagree with me."

Meanwhile Nacional's vice-president, Miguel Venturiello, arrived back in Montevideo and called a Press conference. When the news broke that Ajax were adamant in their refusal to play, the whole affair took on the trappings of an international incident.

First the South American Confederation treasurer, Eduardo Rocca, telephoned UEFA secretary, Hans Bangerter, to confirm that Ajax had free dates in November and December, and to insist that UEFA put pressure on Ajax to play. Bangerter was sympathetic, but not particularly constructive. All that happened was that over the weekend rumours did emanate from Berne that UEFA were considering "disciplinary measures" against the European Champions.

Counterparts

However, President Van Praag had done his homework well. On the Monday he issued a statement of his own to the Dutch Press, describing such rumours of disciplinary measures as "ignorant nonsense". He stated quite flatly that there was nothing in UEFA's rules to compel the European Cup holders to meet their South American counterparts: "The rules state that we have a right to play Nacional, the South American champions—but it's a right, not a duty."

Bangerter, for UEFA, refused to be drawn into any discussion on how the rules might be interpreted, but he did admit that the Disciplinary Committee, to whom such matters must be referred, were not due to meet for several weeks.

The South Americans now tried a different tack. Public indignation was so great in Montevideo, they cunningly argued, that the Uruguayan Foreign Office had to intervene "to prevent Uruguay's image from being distorted abroad". Within hours diplomatic cables had been exchanged, and Van Praag visited the Dutch Ministry of Culture and Recreation at the Hague to put the Ajax side of the case. Although the meeting was private, I gather it was suggested to the Ajax president that some "suitable" explanation might be found for his club's unwillingness to go to South America, other than highly inflammatory remarks expressing his doubts about Uruguay's ability to guarantee the safety of his players.

Van Praag agreed, and accordingly a letter was sent to UEFA explaining that Ajax preferred not to play solely because of the advice they had received from club doctors. This advice concerned the vaccinations that would be necessary for a visit to Uruguay—particularly for smallpox. According to the letter, they "could produce symptoms of tiredness, which would not be appropriate in view of Ajax's arduous programme

Ajax, standing left to right: Haarms (assistant trainer), Kovacs (trainer), Hulshoff, Keizer, Blankenburg, Suurbier, Gerrie Muhren, Arnold Muhren, Neeskens, Krol, Wever, Salo Muller, Grijzenhout (assistant trainer). Sitting: Schilcher, Swart, Haan, Suurendouk, Stuy, Cruyff, van Dijk, Kleton en Rep.

Danish star Lis Lene Nielsen playing against Mexico in the final of the Women's World Cup. See story on page 46.

of matches in the Dutch League and European Cup".

However implausible, this was the explanation offered by the Dutch Ambassador in Montevideo, Dr. Heimond Van Blankenstein, when he was summoned by the Uruguayan Foreign Minister, Jose Mora Otrero. However, Dr. Van Blankenstein also pointed out that whatever Uruguay might feel about the matter, there could be no question of the Dutch government compelling Ajax to play: "We cannot give orders to sports organisations," he said.

Conviction

And there the matter rests. Nacional have demanded compensation for their loss of revenue, but without much conviction, and in any case they have been slightly mollified by the offer of a match against Feyenoord in Rotterdam. The Uruguayans embarked on their European tour on schedule, beating, among others, Ajax's European Cup final opponents Panathinaikos 3-0 in Athens and losing by the same score to Celtic in Glasgow.

Nacional will return to South America with several matches in hand in the Uruguayan League, which they seem to have abandoned in midstream, an extraordinary situation that would scarcely be tolerated in Europe. But those extra matches do not entirely explain Nacional's league position, fourth in the table behind a Liverpool club lacking the benefits of Mr. Shankly, Danubio and their familiar rivals, Penarol. It could be a long time before Ajax are forgiven for depriving Nacional of the substantial revenue they hoped to use to rebuild a visibly flagging side.

One might have hoped that Ajax's bold decision had eliminated the so-called world club championship at a stroke, but the South American Confederation have already asked UEFA to change their rules to compel their champions to compete next season. Normally such an amendment might have been doubtful, but UEFA themselves have been under pressure from FIFA not to risk any further deterioration of relations between the two continents. The South American Federation president, Teofilo Salinas, faces a motion next month that would, in effect, take his federation out of FIFA altogether.

Pele coming?

PELE could be coming to Europe shortly ... but not to play football. He has been invited by the West Berlin television channel to take part in a game of handball, with Stuttgart's Austrian international Hans Eltmayer as his partner. Facing them across the net would be Bayern Munich's two famous internationals, Franz Beckenbauer and Gerd Muller. Perhaps London Weekend could put in a bid for the recording—it would make a change from Eusebio and Puskas shooting penalties past Gordon Banks.

WORLD DIARY

by ROGER MACDONALD

Sivori turns manager

OMAR SIVORI, who once cost Juventus more than £90,000, was £90,000 was a lot of money, recently returned to his native Argentina to start a managerial career. Unfortunately Sivori has not been the success he might have hoped, first being sacked by Rosario Central, and now by Estudiantes.

Sivori said he would never agree to make those sweeping assertions of success that the directors wanted. I felt they were as much interested in prophesying that we would win the championship as they were in actually becoming champions. They refused to recognise the limitations of the team or the time needed to build a real championship side.

Showmen

"In fact," continued Sivori, "we have reached a stage where club coaches have become showmen first and coaches a long way second. They have become far more important personalities than the players themselves—the players just play the game, which is largely irrelevant.

"This is happening everywhere—not just in South America. You only have to look at some of our most famous coaches to see that I am right. Take the great Helenio Herrera, for instance. I've heard him utter stupid remarks in Rome that no one connected with the club would dare contradict. Yet as a player, Herrera was nothing, and he's become some sort of god."

Pre-season results are encouraging

AN exceptionally successful period has put a smile on the face of Hungarian football during the past few weeks. The leading clubs travelled to Spain to take part in some of the popular pre-season tournaments, playing not only against top-class Spanish teams, but also meeting clubs from other parts of Europe. Ferencvaros were the first to invade the Iberian peninsula, and their destination was Alicante, where in a three-cornered competition, they met Panathinaikos and the local team, Elche.

The green and whites destroyed the European Cup silver medalists to the tune of six goals to one, with their young forward Miklos Nemet getting a foursome. The following day they beat Elche 1-0 with another Nemet goal and collected a whacking great trophy. Pancsics was the "man of the tournament", and according to the Pana manager, a certain Ferenc Puskas, he is now Europe's best centre-back.

Ujpesti Dozsa had an appointment at Huelva with Real Madrid, whom they beat 3-1. In the Final, the Hungarian champs clashed with the current title-holders of Russia, CSKA Moscow. Fazekas (2) and Bene gave Dozsa a 3-0 lead in a brilliant first half, and a Kopeskin consolation goal made the score 3-1. The lilac and whites received a great ovation from the impartial crowd, and their performance was described in superlatives in the Spanish press.

Extra-time

Vasas Budapest won their Cup in Bilbao, where they defeated Standard Liege 2-1 in the Final. Vidats equalised a Semmeling goal in the 87th minute, and young Muller scored the winner in extra-time. Honved could only draw with the home team, Barcelona, and lost their first match on penalties, but the following day they beat Bayern Munich 2-0.

So the Customs officers had to work overtime, as the Hungarian clubs arrived back from Spain with a few dozen gold medals and a lot of silverware, not to mention a sackful of pesetas. The results themselves are not over-significant in these "exhibition football" tournaments, but it was encouraging to see the Hungarians play, once again, the type of witty, attacking game which used to be their hallmark for so long. Why can't they reproduce the same scintillating form when the chips are down, i.e., in the important European tournaments? This is the yet-unsolved puzzle—perhaps they should play their "home" matches on the Costa Brava.

Following these triumphant sorties, the national team also registered a confidence-boosting victory. Hungary beat Yugoslavia 2-1 in a friendly at the Nepstadium in front of 42,000 people. The "Yugos" had their best team on view, but they seemed to lack match practice, and they faded out in the second half.

The first goal of the match was manufactured by that Serbian Georgie Best, Dragan Djazic. His cunning corner-kick was played back to him by Acimovic, and he then put Oblak clear, who shot past Geczi from eight yards. Half-time: 0-1!

Mercurial

The desperate home team threw everything into attack in the second half, and the mercurial Djazic took advantage of the situation by beating his shadow, Fabian, and shooting at goal from close range. Geczi managed to block the ball, which bounced straight to Bene, who put Peter Juhasz clear on the left.

The full-back's fast centre eluded Dunai, but the Yugoslav defender, Holcer, deflected the ball into his own goal (64th minute). In the 82nd minute, a Dunai-Vidats move provided a chance for Szoke on the right, and the "Fradi" winger easily beat Vukcevic. Most people thought that Szoke was offside, but the linesman and the Austrian referee, Linemayr, awarded a goal without hesitation.

Vidats, Szucs and Bene were the stars of a well-balanced Hungarian team, while Djazic and Petkovic got full marks for the visitors. During the first ten minutes of the match, Lajos Tichy played centre-forward, collecting his 71st cap, and saying farewell to active football forever. A nice gesture on the part of the FA, which gave the game an old-fashioned, sentimental send-off.

On the club front, the MTK saga continues. The club management was ready to suspend the sentences previously meted out to the erring players, when they received an official letter of apology from them. But the MTS (Ministry of Sport) disciplinary committee re-tried the case, and punished them severely for their indiscretions.

Ringleader Lajos Dunai has been suspended till December 31, 1972, Sarkozi till September 30, 1972 and Tibor Kiss till January 30, 1972. The other six (Becsei, Hajdu, Koritar, Oborzil, Strasser and Torok) will be allowed to train and play from January 1, 1972.

One might feel a certain sympathy for the MTK football club, but the decision of the MTS must be applauded. Players have to realise that they cannot "get away with murder" by simply writing a letter, which in any case smacked of insincerity.

Provincial

In the meantime, MTK collected their first points of the '71-72 campaign by beating the newly promoted provincial club Eger 2-0. Ujpest dominate the league race to such an extent that they already lead the field by three clear points, although only four rounds have been played.

Their latest victims were Vasas, whom they beat 2-0 with goals by Bene and A. Toth.

The sport daily "Nepsport" usually gives marks to all the players, but in this instance didn't give any marks to the Ujpest keeper, Szentmihalyi, because he had nothing to do! In the other "derby", Honved beat Ferencvaros 2-1 at Kispest on the Army team's home ground. Szucs scored against his old team after 19 minutes, but Albert equalised 20 seconds (!) later.

Komora got the winner in the second half, but the game, played at a snail's pace, was a big yawn. The dates for the World Cup qualifying matches have now been agreed for the European Group One, and Hungary will start their quest for a place under the West German sun at Valetta.

Italian team is ageing rapidly

Luigi Riva . . . almost back to his best.

THE Italians are almost assured of a place in the quarter-finals of the European Championship. With two games left to play—both fixtures on home soil—they have to collect merely the one point to be sure of finishing equal first, two to make sure of the thing outright. All of which will not, of course, prevent them from viewing the two encounters with their customary brew of anxiety and confidence.

It should, in theoretical terms, be an interesting season from the point of view of team selection. Last season's matches saw the blooding of both Bet and Spinosi, the pointed claims towards a place made by Causio and Bettega. Bettega will have to wait until Riva and Boninsegna play themselves out. Causio's chances of advancement seem more imminent and more deserved.

Elegance

The fact is that the present Italian midfield is an ageing thing. Domenghini must be close to the end of the road, Corso's sudden surge of form last season came late in his footballing career, Mazzola can hope for no more than to be a member of the squad for the next World Cup, the same applies to De Sisti. On grounds of style, elegance, age and popularity Rivera is in an enviable position, everything about him seeming to point to a place as Italy's midfield general for years to come. But Gianni has seldom reproduced in the national colours the form he can show for his club. And what is needed in a midfield leader, above all else, is consistency.

Causio seems to have both the athleticism and the insight to take over the job. As I write he is under a cloud, taking a long time to recover from an operation he underwent during the summer. But no one who saw him play

PHILIP EVANS from Italy

last season can doubt but that he is a star in the making.

Bettega's blossoming last season took place in inverse ratio to the decline of Anastasi. The Sicilian has never completely recovered from the triple shocks of last summer's surgery, followed quickly by matrimony and paternity; and his performances last season were wraith-like. Of course, he is a wonderfully talented player, lacking only belief in himself to become something very extraordinary. If only he had some of that exuberance and self-confidence that Boninsegna perpetually evinces.

It is in defence that the younger players must stand most chance of making their mark. Now that Burgnich has moved to the role of *libero*—and will in all probability play there for Italy—the way is open for Spinosi to establish his claims at right-back.

Application

Or at centre-half? Maybe, since Rosato's form last season was decidedly patchy. Rosato is a great fighter, will play his heart out for a side. But he is not a stylist, and fast-moving centre-forwards can often make him seem woefully clumsy in application. Spinosi has the coolness of all great defenders, plays the ball well on the ground, lacks only an inch or two of height to become formidable in the air.

Bet is one who can challenge for the berth of stopper, Roversi and Fedele of Bologna two others who can lay claims to the full-back position.

All this seems to suggest that Cera's days—brief, glorious days, in the Italian team may be numbered. I hope not, since I have always preferred him in the role of midfield provider, lying shallow in front of the defence. His skill on the ball is extreme, a more powerful weapon than Bertini's burgeoning bursts from midfield. And as a destroyer, I find Cera preferable in role to Bertini. But not Valcareggi.

Weakest

Cera is one of those unfortunates who suffers from a duality of service. For so long a midfield player in his own right, he found himself thrown into the role of *libero* two seasons ago when Tomasini was injured in the middle of Cagliari's great run. Since then Scopigno has used him as a super-auxiliary, playing him wherever Cagliari seemed weakest. And Cera's game has suffered.

With Riva back to form Valcareggi will have few worries in attack, for Boninsegna's newly-discovered vein of skill shows no signs of letting up, and the pair in working tandem will be a menace to any defence. But the Italians have a catastrophic habit of not playing to their strengths, and though Sweden and Austria be brushed aside in the next month or two, it will need some radical rethinking for the team to win through to the final of the competition.

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PUMM BACK IN NATIVE AUSTRIA

AFTER three years playing for Bayern Munich in the West German Bundesliga, Peter Pumm is back in his native Austria. Born in Vienna on April 3, 1943, he developed as a full-back with Simmering and really started to make a name for himself in 1964 with Wacker Innsbruck.

In 1968 he left Austria to try his luck in West Germany and enjoyed considerable success in his three seasons with Bayern. Pumm has honours at all levels for Austria. He played six times for the Tyrol representative team, had five outings with the Austrian League eleven, won eight caps for the Under-23s, two for the "B" team and also turned out on ten occasions for the full national side.

This summer he was one of five players transferred from Bayern and he linked up with DSV Alpine—a new name for the club previously known as WSV Donawitz — newly promoted from Division II.

He links up with former Bundesliga colleagues 25-year-old Austrian international forward Hans Pirkner (ex-Schalke 04) and 31-year-old full-back Hans Eisele (ex-VfB Stuttgart).

And while on the subject of changes of name, the fusion of Pumm's old club Wacker Innsbruck (the 1971 League champions) and Swarovski Wattens hit a snag. The clubs agreed on a new title, FC Tyrol, but came under fire from other clubs in the area because it was like calling themselves FC London.

Austrian football authorities decreed FC Tyrol was out and the club is now basking in the unwieldy title of Swarovski—Wacker Innsbruck.

One of their best known players is no stranger to the Bundesliga either. Midfield player Hans Kuppers (33) (pictured right) was in the 1860 Munich team which reached the last stage of the European Cup Winners Cup in 1965 before finally losing 2-0 to West Ham United.

Jurion now a player-coach

THE grand old man of Belgian football, Josef Jurion, who left La Gantoise in the close season is still making the headlines in his native country at the age of 35.

One-time captain of Anderlecht and the Belgian national side he has taken up the position of player-coach with a little known team called Lokeren.

In the qualifying rounds of the Belgian Cup he masterminded his new side to an 8-0 thrashing of Lovendegem and followed this up with a 3-0 victory against Lauwe.

One of the most accomplished footballers ever produced in Belgium, he first started playing for Ruisbroeck, a small village team near Brussels and actually signed for the local club in his mother's café.

After starring for Belgium Juniors he was snapped up by Anderlecht and played a leading role as an inside-forward in their emergence as the No. 1 team in the country in the last decade.

Jurion combined football with a job as a salesman for a coal company and was a familiar figure playing in spectacles. He had a pair specially made for him to combat his short-sightedness because he was unable to get on with contact lenses.

Milestones in his career included being elected Footballer of the Year in 1957 and 1962, scoring the goal which knocked Real Madrid out of the European Cup in 1962-63 and completing 64 appearances for the full national team.

In 1968 he left Anderlecht and joined La Gantoise, missing only one League game in his first season with them. But at the end of last term the club was relegated.

Swiss clubs strengthen their sides

THE 74th Swiss championship campaign began as in England on August 14. Most of the favourites have strengthened their squads with new stars, especially the FC Zürich, who transferred the international Quentin and the German Volkert, but acquired three new forwards in Jeandupeux, Rutschmann and the famous German Timo Konietzka, as a player-manager.

The champions Grasshoppers sprang a sensation when they parted with their famous Swedish World Cup player Ove Grahn—because of "excessive financial demands". In his place the club engaged the newly discovered striker Kudi Müller from Lucerne, plus the speedy winger Christian Winiger (ex-Young Boys).

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

Arrival

Lausanne disposed of Dürr, Weibel and the Dutch star Kerkhoffs, but are compensated by the arrival of Ove Grahn. Cup winners Servette lost the former international Pottier and Schindelholz, but hope for great things from their new Italian-born striker Edouard Manzoni.

Other notable moves: Aganian, a Greek international from Olympiakos Athen to La Chaux-de-Fonds; Durkovic, a Yugoslav, from St. Etienne, France, to Sion; Brenninger and Peters, both Germans, from Bayern Munich and Biel respectively, to Young Boys. Interesting to note that there are 16 foreign internationals active in the Swiss League, namely: Sunderman (German—FC Basle); Ohlhauser (German—Grasshoppers); Grahn (Swede—Lausanne); Lala (Czech—Lausanne); Milder (German—Lucerne); Perusic (Yugoslav—St. Gallen); Rafreider (Austrian—St. Gallen; Dörfel (German—Servette); Durkovic (Yugoslav—Sion); Herrmann (German—Sion); Theunissen (Dutch—Young Boys); Brenninger (German—Young Boys); Konietzka (German—Zürich). Second Division: Sörensen (Dane—Bellinzona); Andersen (Dane—Fribourg); Brunnenmeier (German—Neuchatel-Xamax).

New managers include Georges Sobotka, a Czech (La Chaux-de-Fonds); Frantisek Bufka, a Czech (Grenchen); Robert Meyer, a Swiss (Lucerne) and Timo Konietzka, a German and player-coach to FC Zürich.

Triumph

Early pace-setters were FC Zürich who won their first three games in convincing fashion. This run included a great 2-1 triumph over their local rivals Grasshoppers, on the champions' own ground. Before a crowd of 29,500 at the Hardturm stadium, Jeandupeux and Künzli scored for FCZ, before "Bigi" Meyer replied for the hosts. Languishing at the bottom of the table were the Cup holders Servette!

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Mexico start badly

WEST GERMANY 5, MEXICO 0
(at Hanover)

MEXICO'S seven-match tour of Europe started disastrously when they were well and truly thrashed by West Germany, who approached their World Cup form for the first time since the finals in Mexico last year. A capacity crowd of 70,000 saw Gerd Muller, the leading scorer in the World Cup finals, hit a hat-trick with two goals in the first half and one in the second. At no time were Mexico ever in the match, conceding three goals in the first 15 minutes.

West Germany went ahead in the fifth minute when Horst Koeppel beat Calderon with a shot from the edge of the penalty area—well-aimed but not unstoppable. Then came Muller's first goal from a pass by Jupp Hennkes, taken on the run and flicked in without hesitation. From 2-0 in the tenth minute the score moved to 3-0 in the 14th, with Muller beating Calderon superbly, twisting backwards in a mêlée in the penalty area to score a goal that left the Mexicans amazed.

Mexico suffered a further disaster just before half-time when Gunter Netzer scored direct from a free-kick taken 25 yards out, and it was no wonder that they brought on three substitutes for the second half. But no substitutes in the world could have prevented Muller's third goal and Germany's fifth after 56 minutes.

For West Germany, then, a most convincing win that did much to restore morale after the loss of Bernd Patze in the great bribery scandal in which several other international players have been implicated. But for Mexico, a sharp reminder that their comparative success in the World Cup has far from equipped them to take on the Europeans on a more hostile continent.

Mexico's coach, Javier de la Torre, said after the match: "We had expected this to be the most difficult game of the tour, but of course we hardly expected such a severe defeat. My players made one major mistake, in practising zonal defence instead of man-to-man marking. This allowed the Germans far too much room and gave them far too many openings. I'm afraid to say that the margin did not flatter them at all. I only hope we can do better in our other matches—against Morocco, France, East Germany, Yugoslavia and especially against the World Cup finalists, Italy."

ITALY LEFT CLEAR

AUSTRIA 1, SWEDEN 0
(in Vienna)

THE real winners of this European Championship match were Italy, for Sweden's defeat left the Italians as clear leaders in Group Six, and it will take a superhuman effort for the Swedes to overtake them now.

Austria were beaten in Stockholm by Sweden earlier this year, but they were always in command of this match, taking the initiative right from the start.

The only goal came in the 23rd minute. Gustl Starek, who had a particularly fine match in midfield, floated in a beautiful cross from the wing which caught the Swedish defence off balance. Pirkner, coming in like a train on the blind side, headed strongly against the bar, and the ball rebounded straight to Sterling, who simply could not miss.

Sweden's first and, as it turned out, only scoring chance came about ten minutes later when their inside-right, Olsson, headed against the left-hand post. The ball hit the bottom of the woodwork and rolled along the goal-line, brushed the opposite post and went out of play, with half-a-dozen players on both sides struggling desperately to reach it.

Imagination

But that was almost the last moment of excitement in an extremely disappointing match. Austria faded badly after their bright start, and Sweden lacked the imagination in midfield to make the most of their opponents' discomfort. The 42,000 spectators jeered and whistled when the match ended, showing little signs of enthusiasm for Austria's victory in a game that would have disgraced many a public park.

The Austrian goalkeeper, Rettensteiner, had a fine match but was never put under real pressure. For Sweden, centre-half Axelsson rarely put a foot wrong, and Hellstroem, in goal, had no chance with the shot that beat him.

The Austrian team manager, Leopold Stastny, said afterwards that he "had no explanation for our bad performance in the second half, but I think we deserved our win because we were clearly superior to the Swedes before the interval."

Sweden's team manager Leif Erikson pointed out that they were "missing some top players who were not released by their foreign clubs. But the Austrians played far better in Stockholm than they did here in Vienna, and we could have achieved at least a draw."

In fact both teams were deprived of several players, for Austria were also without three or four professionals playing in the German League on the same afternoon. But after this result, no wonder the Italian manager Valcareggi left for the airport with a broad smile on his face.

Sterling scores for Austria against Sweden.

International Post-Mortem by Roger Macdonald

Loubet (white shirt) scores the second of France's three goals against Norway.

French should have scored more goals

NORWAY 1, FRANCE 3
(at Oslo)

FOR France, bearing in mind past history in the World Cup, any victory in Oslo must be cause for satisfaction — especially one which in theory improves their chances of qualifying for the quarter-finals of the European Championship. But this victory hardly enhances their prospects of beating the strong Bulgarian team, their main rivals in Group Two.

France put on the pressure right from the start and were unlucky not to score in the first few minutes when Loubet, well-placed, twice shot just past the post. Norway, in contrast, contented themselves with cautious attacks by two or three players. Only once in the first half did they seriously threaten to score, when France conceded a corner after 21 minutes. The ball came across to Hasund, who hit it first time from 12 yards, only to see Carnus make a flying save.

But it was the 34th minute that really decided the match. First Jacques Vergnes put France ahead, and only 40 seconds later Charles Loubet added a second before the Norwegian team had a chance to pull themselves together.

The third French goal came from Blanchet shortly after half-time, following a corner-kick not properly cleared by the Norwegian defence. Thereafter France were content to keep their lead, and Norway were allowed to come back into the match. Centre-forward Tom Lund was unlucky with a shot that hit the angle of post and bar, then, in the 81st minute, Norway's substitute Ola Dybwad Olsen finally got the ball into the net after a shot from Hasund had hit the crossbar.

Some 13 minutes into the second half play had to be suspended for fully half-an-hour because the floodlights failed, apparently because an electricity cable had been accidentally cut by spectators. However, the 16,544 fans were so disappointed by their team's performance that one wag in the crowd shouted shortly before the end: "Time we cut the lights again."

For France centre-half Bosquier and their inside-forward trio of Vergnes, Loubet and Bereta had a fine match, and this victory puts them level with Bulgaria — each of them having five points from three matches, with Hungary just three points from three games and Norway one point from five. But if Bulgaria and France share the points when they meet, the French could come to regret their complacency in Oslo—for they should have scored many more goals against this slow and ineffective Norwegian side.

DANES OUT OF TOUCH

DENMARK 0, FINLAND 0
(in Copenhagen)

DENMARK played only their amateurs in this match, and after recent victories over England, West Germany and Japan, were expected to win this game by a substantial margin.

But apart from defender Per Roentved, the Danes looked completely out of touch, and it was Finland who came closest to winning.

Watched by a poor crowd of just over 14,000, Finland hit the post three times and missed twice from point-blank range. When Denmark did get within shooting range, they found the Finnish 'keeper Lars Naesman in outstanding form.

LOOKING AT SOCCER • BRIAN GLANVILLE •

Ball players will benefit but changes were too wholesale...

THE tackle from behind, it appears, is on its way out. Good riddance. As Ken Aston, our delegate to the FIFA Referees' Committee, put it to me, it was always, in essence, an unBritish thing, an attack from the rear, latterly become a cloggers' delight. At the Arsenal Cup Final banquet, I remember Eddie Hapgood, the greatest left-back of his—pre-war—era, disparaging the tackle from behind as a foul, as something which was quite unknown in his day. So much for the curious belief that its disappearance would be the end of the virile British game as we know it.

There are shades, here, of that unpleasant Spanish-American "hang-up" *machismo*, the compulsive need to demonstrate masculinity in violent ways; or, if you wish, of that displeasing quality in Ernest Hemingway which Max Eastman once characterised as "false hair on the chest". Geoff Hurst was in no doubt about the blessing that new restrictions on this tackle would be. Sick and tired of being kicked in the calves and the back, he estimated that the new dispensation might put years on his career—as a striker, rather than in midfield, to which he contemplated retirement. ("Dropping back in midfield," said Francis Lee to me, early in the season, "that's cheating." Further proof that a striker is born rather than made, naturally blessed with a rare, courageous temperament.)

Delight

Lee was another forward to hail measures against the tackle from behind with delight. It was strange indeed to see others, such as John Radford and Derek Dougan, deplore its probable passing. One was reminded of animals born in captivity, so used to their imprisonment that when the door of their cage swung open, they did not want to be free.

Which brings us, inevitably, to the wider issue of what the Football League and their referees, tacitly at least supported by the Football Association, have been doing this season. So much ink has been spilled on the subject that I shall limit myself to a few observations. In the first place, I am utterly in agreement with those who say that it was monstrous to spring the thing on an unsuspecting and unprepared League game. This was calculated, whatever the ultimate merits of the scheme, to give it the worst possible reception among the players; who, after all, are involved in the essential function of providing the games.

Secondly, the thing has been too wholesale. Qualitative distinctions must be made, or it is going to do as much harm as good. We all know that far too many rough players, supported by far too many cynical clubs, have been getting away with altogether far too much; though not remotely as much as they do in Italy, not to mention that sink of iniquity, Argentina.

Handling

But if you take a man's name for merely showing dissent, take a man's name for deliberate handling, take a man's name for wasting time, and if equally you take a man's name for deliberately hacking down an opponent or ruthlessly bodychecking him, then where is the logic of it? A footballer with three cautions goes up automatically before the Disciplinary Committee of the Football Association. If I were convinced, which I am not at the time of writing, that the committee would differentiate with extreme care between the offences for which culprits are brought before them, then I would be happy. But I doubt if they will.

Besides, I don't believe that a player who may, for example, once have shown dissent, once kicked the ball away in a paddy, and once handled the ball with malice aforethought, deserves to go up before the disciplinary committee at all. One implication of the new posture is that players have been misbehaving themselves abundantly. True enough. It is equally legitimate to infer that referees have just not been doing their job properly. What the League has done is to throw a scare into the referees, just as surely as it has been to give a cold douche to the players. They have spelled out to referees exactly what they must—not what they can—do, and the real exposure of the referees has lain in the fact that so many followed like sheep, punishing minor offences where before they would ignore even the major ones.

Ken Aston has drawn analogies with the last World Cup, in which he felt that all was sweetness and light, after a somewhat uncertain beginning. I am happy to agree that the 1970 World Cup was not, on the whole, a violent one, and certainly not remotely as vicious as most of us feared it would be. Yet it was a hotch potch of good and bad refereeing. One of the most inept performances was given by the Belgian, M. Loraux, who handled England v. Rumania. How many times would he have sent the unspeakable Mocanu off, had he been acting under the Football League's present directives? One of the best performances, surprisingly, was that of the relatively inexperienced Israeli referee, M. Klein, taking England against Brazil.

Calculated

But the opening game between Russia and Mexico at the Azteca Stadium was refereed with a fussiness and an imbalance—the Russians came off far the worse—which was calculated to wear nerves thin and inflame tempers, rather than cool them.

One thing the World Cup did prove was just how much a lack of quick and vicious tackling can help ball players to develop. "The Brazilians," as Francis Lee points out, "don't tackle from behind," and they won the tournament. They did so because they have a superabundance of marvellous ball players, and they produce them not just because Brazilians love to juggle with the ball,

Norman Burtenshaw—sent off George Best at Chelsea.

but because they do not go in permanent fear of being kicked up in the air, whenever they try to beat a man.

Between the wars, British football threw up any amount of splendid ball players. The Scots had James, Morton, Gallacher, Tommy Walker, England had the likes of David Jack, Raich Carter, Billy Walker, Ireland had Peter Doherty, Wales Bryn Jones; these are merely names recalled at random. The trouble is that when the chips are down, when it really comes to the major international competitions, there is no real substitute for ball players, as Brazil proved so abundantly by winning three out of the last four World Cups.

Addiction

Ball players, as George Raynor, the little Yorkshireman who coached Sweden, used to put it, create unorthodox situations. Over the past ten years or so, they have been increasingly discouraged here, not least by an England team whose dreary addiction to work rate, distressing enough in itself, has been compounded by the deliberate choice of hard, intimidatory players.

Talking of George Raynor, and thinking as I recently have been of Jesse Carver, the man who started the whole West Bromwich revolution when he actually got the balls out for the first day of pre-seasonal training in 1954 (unheard of then!) I am reminded of Peter Morris's new book, **The Team Makers (Pelham, £1.75).**

In it—he calls it A Gallery of the Great Soccer Managers—Morris deals with Chapman, Busby, the enigmatic Major Frank Buckley, and many others. But I was sorry he did not include Raynor and Carver, who returned in 1955 from managing the two great Roman clubs, Roma and Lazio, to take charge of Coventry City. Peter, then, was correspondent of the *Coventry Evening Telegraph*, and my first meeting with him was that spring, when he came over to Rome, where I was living, to interview Carver and Raynor.

For various reasons, the experiment didn't work, but it was brave of Coventry to try it, and nobody was closer to it all than Peter Morris. I hope in his next book that he will tell us something about it.

SIERRA GOES TO VALENCIA

JOAQUINO SIERRA, "Quinio", the Betis poet centre-forward has signed for Valencia. The two-year-old "affaire" ended suddenly and unexpectedly but happily for everyone, although Betis lost something like £20,000 for their "poker policy".

Valencia paid £60,000 and NO players . . . almost half Betis were demanding when negotiations were broken off. The Turia club did, however, agree to guarantee the extension of a bank loan for which Betis were being pressed.

When Quinio "retired" for the second time and Betis declared him a rebel, the Federation wisely deferred from taking action. This enabled two distinguished local personalities, Don Narciso Flores and D. Nicolas Carretero, to intervene. They persuaded Valencia to continue talks "on a serious and sensible level"—and Betis, by this time desperate for money to buy reinforcements to replace players lost to Military service, were pleased to admit the error of their policy.

It was the Betis *Vice-president*, D. Jose Leon, who finally reached agreement with D. Julio de Miguel, Valencia president.

The dedication of Quinio is seen in the fact that although he has been away from football for more than a year, he was perfectly match fit and able to step straight into the Valencia league side—with only two days training.

Spain follow suit

SPAIN followed the Football Association and Football League's new "get tough" measure to referees . . . but they did it the right way.

Two days before the season opened the Football Federation of Spain issued a public statement to all newcomers, all regional federations and all clubs.

The announcement expressed the Federation's concern "at the deterioration of discipline . . . the frequent scenes and spectacles that are bringing disrepute and notoriety to the game . . . the continued protests by players, managers and clubs against decisions of referees . . . and the unsporting and often disorderly behaviour of players on the field of play.

"We are, therefore, instructing referees and all organisations of discipline to rigorously apply the exact text of the regulations and to strictly enforce the relevant correction steps in order to end this state of affairs which everyone deplores."

The statement went on: (1) Players are totally forbidden to address referees (only the captain has this authority). Sanction — booking and fine. (2) Individual or collective protests against referees' decisions are strictly prohibited. Sanction — suspension up to four matches.

It was also pointed out that in Article 112, managers and clubs are responsible for any of their players who dispute authority or come into conflict with a referee's decision, and are liable to sanctions. The manager —suspension from two to six months. The club — a fine of £3 for every 1,000 spectators present.

NORMAN CUTLER

On the subject of referees...

PERSONAL OPINION by LESLIE VERNON

PARDON me for laughing, but the various reactions to the so-called "referees' revolution" were funnier than a Brian Rix farce. First let me state categorically that I approve of the new deal. These are exactly the measures I have advocated for years, and as recently as last March, I wrote in this column: "I would like to see a clear-cut no-nonsense statement issued by the F.A., which would spell out the offences for which a player must be booked or sent off." Of course, most sensible people who have the good of the game at heart, also applaud the enforcement of the written laws but think that the players should have been given notice that, in future, thuggery and cheating will be punishable offences. This is absolute nonsense, and reminds me of an old joke: A man gets on a train with an out-of-date monthly season ticket, and when caught by an inspector, he says incredulously, "What's the matter, I've used this ticket for two years, all of a sudden it's not valid!" Should Scotland Yard put a notice in the papers telling all criminals that as from next Thursday afternoon, they will be prosecuted without mercy? The Football League simply told the referees that they must use their authority in order to save football as a sport and an entertainment. Yet judging by the outcry from all sources, one would have thought that some secret formula had been worked out and put into operation.

On closer examination, most of the criticisms appear not only puerile, but they reflect little credit on the speakers. The players' case was put by their Union's chairman, Derek Dougan. "The referees are trying to enforce the laws, but they are overriding everything without compromise. Let's hope that we, the players, can keep cool and work to make the game a greater spectacle. We have tried to stress that this is what we want until we have gone blue in the face."

I haven't noticed the blue faces, but there were plenty of black and blue legs. Has the Players' Union ever censored any of their members for rough play or for baiting the refs? The "killers" in football are well-known to most of us. Remember Jackie Charlton's black book and Georgie Best's "dirty so - and - so's" remark on TV?

Bravo, and keep up the good work

Discipline

But you, Derek, and your colleagues kept silent. The motto has been "honour amongst thieves", so you had to be disciplined because you were unwilling to discipline yourselves. As for "compromise" and silly remarks about "carrying handbags", no-one intends to rid the game of *legitimate* physical contact. If some over-zealous official can't tell a fair tackle from a foul one, it is only an indication that he is a poor referee, but certainly no part of the general directives.

Several managers also bleated about the red herring of prior notice. But a few of them gave the game away. Bill Dodgin, sen., said: "I just tell my boys to avoid bad fouls and stand 10 yards away from the ball at free-kicks." Ah, I understand Bill, previously you told them to commit bad fouls, if necessary, and not to stand 10 yards away from the ball.

Joe Harvey: "We are basically a hard, physical side, and if we are prevented from playing the way we are accustomed to, then I shall have to get some new players." You mean, Joe, players who can actually play football, control the ball, pass accurately, run-off the ball intelligently? Amazing, but where can you find such paragons? Perhaps some of those shirt-pulling and body-checking Continentals might do, or the Brazilians? Don't panic, Joe, there are plenty of excellent footballers right here in Britain, and now, perhaps, we'll see who can really play!

Unfortunately, many managers and coaches are the guilty men of football. They insist on toughness and order their players to break the law. The few noble exceptions like Greenwood and Gillies are laughed at and called "romantics" and "softies".

Sour grapes

The chairman's case was put by Arthur Wait of Crystal Palace. His outburst against the F.L. management committee and Alan Hardacre was well intentioned, but singularly ill-timed. There was a lot of truth in what he said, but the entire tirade smacked of sour grapes. After all, a chairman of a football club is the last person to be allowed to complain about conservatism.

During the last decade, every time the League Secretary proposed a progressive reform, he was outvoted by the parochial, small-minded chairmen. "Let us streamline the League and introduce five divisions of 20 teams each." "No!" "Four up and four down throughout the League." "No!" "Do not re-elect the same deadbeats—bring in some new blood." "No!" Players, managers, chairmen — you have got only yourselves to blame. If you had kept your own house in order, the present clampdown wouldn't have been necessary.

How about the refs? By changing their approach, they tacitly admitted that they were lax in the past. Now they have a very difficult job to do, and it is essential that their new-found authority doesn't go to their heads. The bit-players have become the stars overnight and, in some cases, uneasy lies the crown. . . .

Incidentally, I haven't heard anyone mentioning "professional referees" lately; it seems that, after all, a guy can do the job quite well for a tenner! I am sure that out of the present chaos the game will emerge stronger and better than ever. I haven't seen a bad match yet this season.

IRAN AIM HIGH

THE Shah of Persia wants Iran to represent Asian countries in the 1974 World Cup. His "Ministry of Social Education" has been told that this must be the department's Number One priority during the next four years. No money or effort must be spared. Everything, no matter how revolutionary, must be done to ensure that Iran qualifies for the final stages in West Germany.

This, of course, is no easy task as the Federation know. Iran will have to overcome their traditional rivals, Iraq, then the winner of the New Zealand-Australia tie and finally the leader of Asia Group One ... either Israel, Korea or Japan.

The Shah, who played centre-half when serving in the Persian Imperial Army, considers football, and success in the international sphere, an important part of his country's social reform. (Shahrina Farah Dibah has even sponsored and become honorary president and patron of the Women's Football Federation.) But success in some things, and football is one of them, cannot be turned on at will, as the Shah knows.

The unenvious task has been naturally given to the Football Federation president, General Mokri, former Iran international. His first move was to send an envoy, Colonel Gooli, to Madrid to offer the job of "Supremo" of Iran's international side to Sabino Barinaga, an "expert" in coaching backward countries.

Barinaga, who was on holiday, listened to a most rewarding proposition, but was unable to accept. He is happy in Morocco, and has recently renewed his contract as manager of FAR and Morocco's national side.

Colonel Gooli interviewed several well-known Spanish managers and coaches, visited Real Madrid's Stadium and Sports City, then flew on to Italy to consult Helenio Herrera, who was recently in Iran.

Soccer boom

While in Madrid the Colonel told of the soccer boom expected to hit Iran in the next two to five years, upon which Sir Stanley Rous, FIFA president, enthusiastically commented when he visited Teheran for the Football Congress of Asian Nations which is organising the Cyrus Cup Competition to celebrate the 2,500th anniversary of the Persian Empire.

Already there are something like 400 juvenile teams in and around Teheran, and more in Abadan, who participate in tournaments sponsored by newspapers, business houses and oil companies. The talent is there and bursting out all over, but there are no stages through which to pass them to the — all too few — 16 League Championship clubs.

The biggest difficulty of all, which handicaps everything, is the lack of grounds and playing fields. Many junior clubs play on waste ground, little better than the desert surrounding the city. At top level this problem is being overcome. At present there is one stadium which holds 35,000 and where all League matches are played. But this month a new modern stadium, holding 100,000, is being inaugurated for the present year's anniversary of the Shah. Another stadium with a 30,000 capacity will be opened in February.

President Mokri's most revolutionary innovation is in the financial set-up. Until now 80 per cent of all gate money has gone to the Federation and 20 per cent to the clubs. This is to be reversed. In future the club will receive the greater amount which, together with Government big grants, they will be compelled to reinvest in the game through training schemes, the importation of foreign coaches, the setting up of playing areas and paying bonuses to players.

Colonel Gooli says: "If enthusiasm and determination is the yardstick ... Iran will WIN the World Cup."

NORMAN CUTLER

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French news from ..... ANDRE DUCLOS

SEASON BEGINS UNDER A CLOUD

THE new French season began with a host of mutations among the leading clubs, and a cloud rather bigger than a man's hand on the horizon in the *contrat à temps*. It is this limited-time contract which allowed, as we know, Bosquier and Carnus to sign for Marseilles last season, or at least to sign provisionally, at a time when St. Etienne, their own club, was neck and neck with them for the Championship. Carnus, France's fine goalkeeper, and Bosquier, their sturdiest stopper, duly began the season with Marseilles, and began it well, but needless to say there is still much bitterness at St. Etienne, and among directors generally.

The directors want modifications in the contract, the players say they will defend it tooth and nail, and brush aside the arguments of third parties who insist that it will bring death to the smaller clubs. No longer will they be able to fatten up their promising young players for sale, nor will they be able to afford substantial fees for players who may stay with them for no more than a couple of seasons. By the time you read this, the battle may have become very hectic.

Dispensations

On the more cheerful side, there are France's good prospects in the European Championship; though the World Cup draw, in Russia's group, is not very reassuring. Worst of all, under the ridiculous new World Cup dispensations, even if France win their group, they would still have to play the winners of the South American Group III, probably Peru, and just as formidable a challenge as Russia.

The match in Oslo against Norway will have been played by the time you read this. French experience against Norway in the previous qualifying tournament was none too happy, but it is the two games against Bulgaria and the match against Hungary in France which look the hardest.

Oddly, France and Bulgaria seem frequently to clash in competition. In 1962, Bulgaria contested their first World Cup after a goal by the then barely known young Yakimov—today such a major star—eliminated France in a play-off in Italy. Georges Boulogne, as we know, built a new spirit in the French team on tour in South America last year, and he also can call this season on Gilbert Gress, back from Stuttgart at the turn of the year, and in brilliant form in the Marseilles attack.

Clear evidence

Marseilles' expensive team this season overflows with international talent, including Roger Magnusson of Sweden on the right wing, and last season's record breaking scorer, Josip Skoblar; which didn't prevent Lyon coming to Marseilles and holding them to a 1-1 draw on the first day of the season. Lyon, you will remember, were beaten Cup finalists last season. £34,530 fans watched that match, clear evidence that Marseilles can and will continue to draw the crowds.

Lyon won't, but it will be interesting to see how Serge Chiesa, their little inside-forward, fares this season. A few years ago, he was all but drowned in waves of publicity. He was allegedly the best thing to happen to French football since Raymond Kopa, he played for the full international team while still a member of the French youth side, and many clubs coveted his signature. It was Lyon who got it, after which, a little like that other famous Lyon forward, Fleury Di Nallo, his star waned a little. But he is playing well again, now, and despite the formidable echelons of talent that stand between him and a return to the French international attack, he is young enough to get back.

Two of those gifted players have changed clubs. The powerfully built Charly Loubet and the incisive Hervé Revelli have both joined Nice. In the case of Loubet, a winger turned striker, it is a question of rejoining his local team. Revelli is yet another star player to be lost by poor St. Etienne, who are hoping, however, that his younger brother, Patrick, who has much of Hervé's dash and drive. The Yugoslav international inside-forward, the clever Samardzic, largely kept on the touchline this season, has returned to the side, while there is always the marvellous Salif Keita, who scored over 40 League goals last season.

But the player who took the eye when St. Etienne made a miserable start to the Championship—or rather, continued their decline of last season—was none of these. It was the dashing Nimes striker Jacky Vergnes, scorer of two goals, who took the eye, as he did on so many occasions last season. If his feat in scoring 27 goals was somewhat overshadowed by the prodigies of Skoblar and Keita, it was nevertheless a very considerable one, and for a much less fashionable team. Moreover he missed a lot of matches through injury, including two cracked ribs, and a collision with an Argentinian player (yes, we have them here, too; this one is called Touthblanc; all white!) which drove a tooth through his gum and practically up to his eye.

Provinces

Like many another player from the provinces, he tried and failed in Paris; at Red Star, to be precise. Recently Kader Feroud thanked the Red Star president, Gilbert Zenatti, for letting Vergnes go, to receive a wan smile. Vergnes thinks it is even more difficult for a Southerner like himself to adapt to Paris than any other kind of provincial.

Meanwhile, that other Southerner, Loubet, who would agree with him, finds himself surrounded by other new, costly stars at Nice, the club which last season seemed in danger of tearing itself to pieces with its directorial squabbles. There's not only Revelli, there are other internationals in Baratelli, Huck and Camerini, not to mention Eriksson, the Swede, who arrived last season. An embarrassment of riches, perhaps, which Rossi, the manager, may have some difficulty in blending. Nor do the crowds at Nice ever rival those of Marseilles, along the coast, though the 17,363 at the opening home match was substantial by French standards.

Championship will return

ERIC WEIL from South America

THE South American Championship, between countries, which was last held in 1963, is likely to be restarted again next year. The ever increasing popularity of the "Libertadores" Cup, the continent's club championship, pushed the "Copa America", for countries, into the background and almost into oblivion. National Associations found it practically impossible to get leading clubs to release their players for national team duty and they couldn't very well force them to if they had "Libertadores" Cup games to play. Now the South American Sports Confederation will make an attempt to find room for both tournaments without clashing. Tentatively, next January was mentioned as a date and Quito (Ecuador) as the place for the next "Copa America".

The first South American Championship was played in 1916 and it is strange to note that Brazil, generally accepted as the leading soccer nation in South America, has only won three of the 21 championships (including seven "extra" tournaments) held so far. Argentina has won the Cup 12 times, followed by Uruguay (nine), Brazil (three), Peru (two), Paraguay and Bolivia (once each).

Further details

As for the "Little World Cup", to be held in Brazil also next year (starting June 1), the Brazilian Sports Confederation has announced further details of the schedule.

The three preliminary groups will be composed as follows:

Group 1: Argentina, France, Mexico, Colombia and a country from Asia (games to be played at Salvador, Aracaju and Maceio).

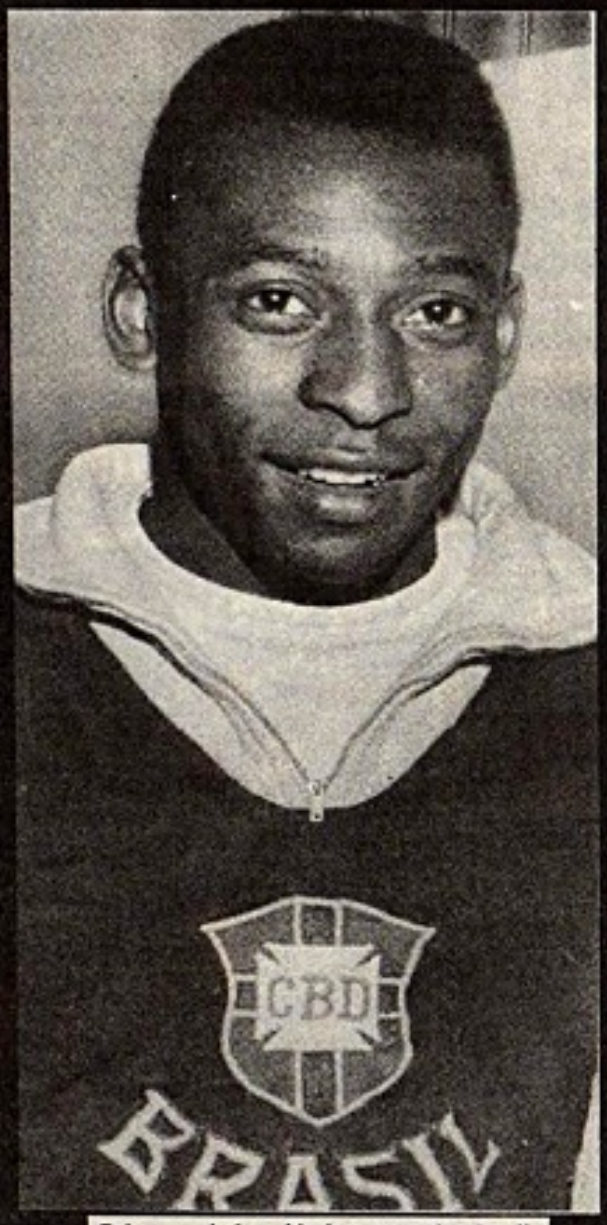
Group 2: Portugal, USSR, Chile, Ecuador and an African country (to be played at Recife, Mata and Fortaleza).

Group 3: Yugoslavia, Peru, Paraguay, Venezuela, Bolivia (to be played at Manaos and Campo Grande).

Group winners will enter the semi-final series together with countries which have held the "Jules Rimet" World Cup — Uruguay, Brazil, West Germany, Italia and, of course, England. These games are scheduled to be played between June 22 and 29.

Argentina, unbeaten in seven games (three wins, four draws), haven't impressed recently and it continues to be a source of amazement how such a collection of good footballers can manage to play so badly in the national team. Argentina retained the "Lipton" Cup in two games versus Uruguay and the "Rosa Chevalier Boutell" Cup in two games versus Paraguay, but that was nothing to shout about—especially as Uruguay, now coached by Ricardo Zamora, picked a young team in which most of the players lacked international experience.

(Statistics of games played can be found under classified results.)



Pele . . . before his last game for Brazil.

Twenty clubs start in new league

BRAZIL

by HANS HENNINGSEN

THE first national championship in Brazil began in August with a completely new formula. It was necessary to rid Brazilian football of the traditional fixtures which were causing large debts within the game. A new championship was devised along the following lines.

Twenty clubs were divided into two groups of ten. In the preliminary round, each team will play the other nine teams in their respective group just once. The top three clubs from each section will progress to the next round.

Receipts

Of the remaining seven teams in each group, the two from each section with the highest gate receipts will also go through to the next round . . . making a total of ten clubs. They will be split into two groups of five.

Clubs will meet each other home and away with the top two from each group going on to the finals. The four finalists will meet each other with the ultimate champion being the club with the most points from this last round.

The CBD of Brazil decide which 20 clubs shall compete and they choose only those with large stadiums and sufficient crowds to ensure adequate gate receipts.

Brazil is a very large country and clubs sometimes have to travel enormous distances for matches. The National Sports Council (a Government body) has agreed to pay all air fares involved in championship matches. The money used to pay for these tickets will come from the Government-run football pools.

The stadiums are all spacious and modern. It is expected that 500,000 people will watch the group matches. It is also my belief that no other country could field such an impressive line-up of players in a national championship.

America

Clubs participating in **Group A** are: Ceara, Corinthians, Corituba Cruzeira, Fluminense, Internacional, Palmeiras, Portuguesa, Santa Cruz and Vasco de Gama. **Group B:** America (Rio de Janeiro), America (Belo Horizonte), Atletico Mineiro, Bahia, Botafogo, Flamenge, Gremie Portoalegrense, Santos, Sao Paulo and Sport Club Recife.

Players taking part include: Ado, Ze Maria, Baldocchi, Luis Carlos, Rivelino, Vaguinhe (**Corinthians**), Perfume, Fontana, Piazza, Ze Carlos, Tostao (**Cruzeira**), Felix, Marco Antonio, Denilson, Ivair, Lula (**Fluminense**), Claudiomire, Valdemire, Pontes, Scala, Braulio (**Internacional**).

Botafogo

Leao, Eurice, Ademir da Guia, Hector Silva, Cesar (**Palmeiras**), Aguilera, a goalkeeper purchased from Paraguay by **Portuguesa**, who also have Marinho, Lorice and Piau. Andrada, Miguel, Alfonsinjo, Beugleux, De and Fidelis are with **Vasco**. Ze Carlos and Edu with **America**.

Botafogo include Brito, Osmar, Carlos Roberto, Ney, Zequinha, Roberto, Paulo Cesar, Jairzinho, Silva, Djalma Dias and Nielsen. **Flamenge** have Ubirajara, Murilo, Palo Henrique, Zanata, Rogerie, Samarone, Ze Eduarde, Arilson.

Gremie have Everaldo, Flexa, Scotta, Chamace Rodrigues, Leive and Alcinde. **Sao Paulo** include Gilberto, Ferlan, Pedro Rocha, Gerson, Edson, Toninho. At **Santos** there is Pelé, Clodoaldo, Carlos Alberto, Edu, Ramos Delgado, Cejas, Rildo, Leo.

Pele, pictured playing against Yugoslavia . . . his last match for Brazil.

ARTHUR ROTMIL from SWITZERLAND

Balmer of Switzerland, pictured in action against Rostagni of France.

TOUGH TASK LIES AHEAD

INTEREST in Switzerland now begins to centre on the two internationals against England, which will decide the group winners and quarter-finalists of the European Championship. The general feeling is that the national team would need to rise above themselves and also get the vital breaks to have a chance against the powerful English over two matches.

Swiss soccer history includes many glorious deeds and they boast in fact one, of the best records in qualifying for the World Cup finals. In seven attempts, Switzerland reached the decisive stage five times! On a sixth occasion they qualified automatically as hosts and have, until now, taken part in the finals of 1934, 1938, 1950, 1954, 1962, and 1966.

Recent results provide only a moderate guide to the true potential of the side. This is mainly because the other opponents in this qualifying group have not been top class and their methods failed to inspire all-out efforts, as incidentally England have found out as well. Both Greece—in recent games weakened by the absence of the Panathinaikos stars preparing for the European Cup final—and especially Malta, were chiefly content to escape heavy defeats. Comparing results one finds that both England and Switzerland beat Malta by 5-0 at home and by 1-0 and 2-1 respectively, away. England defeated Greece at home by 3-0, whilst the Swiss, who had as many chances as the English, only won 1-0. But the Swiss have already won on Greek soil by 1-0 and there England must play her last match on December 1.

Decisive

Much will depend on the outcome of the first clash in Switzerland and this could easily prove decisive. On their last visit here, England won 8-1, at the same St. Jakob stadium in Basle, where they will turn out on October 13. There have been nine official meetings between these countries, England winning seven and losing two. The Swiss successes date back to 1938 and 1947 when they triumphed 2-1 and 1-0 each time in Zürich. The Helvetians appeared only once at Wembley, losing 1-3 in 1962.

The present Swiss team is managed by Louis Maurer (67), a shrewd tactician who knows well the problems of his multi-racial and multi-lingual players. There cannot be another national side whose members not only are recruited from both the Latin and Germanic races (except perhaps for Belgium) but who speak three different mother tongues, German, French and Italian, not counting the dialect known as Schwyzer Dütch, which is totally incomprehensible to most Germans (!), but which is normally used by the Swiss of German extraction.

Maurer's first task will be to put his charges in the right frame of mind. He must try to get the maximum out of these part-timers, some of whom may lack class but certainly not courage. It is this asset which has helped the Swiss to overcome the odds on many occasions in the past.

Their hopes will rest firstly with the midfield trio of Odermatt (28), Kuhn (27) and Blättler (28), who are experienced and hold 92 caps between them. The captain, Odermatt, is a fine skilful player, though somewhat temperamental. He is ably supported by Kuhn, technically the best Swiss player, who links defence with attack while Blättler is really a striker who has scored many vital goals for club and country but now prefers his midfield role with what is known as "firing from the second line".

The central striker is likely to be either Künzli or the latest discovery, "Kudi" Müller (*nomen est omen*?), who should improve his game, now that he plays for the champions Grasshoppers. Daniel Jeandupeux, who is now also in better company, having moved to FC Zürich, is currently in great form, a winger with imagination, speed and a good finisher.

On the other flank will most likely be Basle's reliable and consistent Balmer. At the rear, goalkeeper Mario Prosperi has now established himself in the side; he is safe both on the ground and in the air, though lacking perhaps the command of the penalty area demanded of modern 'keepers.

Among the back four the outstanding man is Chapuisat, an all-rounder who likes to move forward, whilst of the backs the most experienced is Perroud. It will be interesting to see the promising Boffi, who in his first international put the shackles on the redoubtable Luigi Riva!

The national side's programme for this season is as follows: September 26, v. Turkey in Zürich; October 13, v. England (ENC) in Basle; November 10, v. England (ENC) at Wembley; April 26 or 19, v. Sweden at home; May 10, v. Poland away.

THE 'KING' I AND MANC REJOICES

THE "king" is back . . . and once more the menace of Denis Law stalks the grounds of the First Division. Considered 18 months ago to be all washed up, Law is enjoying a new lease of life and is playing a key part in the resurgence of Manchester United. Under the new management team of Frank O'Farrell and coach Malcolm Musgrove, the Old Trafford empire is living again and has just completed its best start to a season for eight years. Law, the controversial Scot who shared in United's greatness of the 'sixties under Sir Matt Busby, is clearly determined to share in what promises to be a new challenge for football's top honours.

Story by DAVID MEEK

His mane of lion-coloured hair, worn a little longer these days, is already flying in the goalmouths, as the spring-heeled jumps and lightning darts begin to harvest the goals.

He gave notice of the Law comeback last season with a bag of 15 goals from 28 League appearances to finish United's second highest scorer, three behind George Best.

In a team frustratingly erratic under the ill-fated management of Wilf McGuinness, it was a promising return, particularly in comparison with his previous season. For in season 1969-70 Law played only 10 League games and scored just two goals. How different from his halcyon days of 1963-64 when he rattled in 30 League goals in 30 appearances and was also slamming FA Cup goals at a goal-a-tie rate.

Death-knell

In the summer of 1970 Sir Matt Busby, his manager and mentor through all his early stormy years, put him on offer at £60,000. It seemed the death-knell of a great soccer career.

Says Denis: "I wasn't really surprised. I had been unfit for a year and in and out of the team with the injuries just seeming to go on and on. I had become disheartened, and I knew I had fallen short of Old Trafford standards."

The really cruel part though was that there were no serious offers. It seemed everyone had decided that Denis Law had come to the end of the soccer road with a suspect knee that made him a poor investment for a fee modest in comparison with today's transfer prices.

But the courage and character that over the years have seen Law triumph in the danger area of the goalmouth where the knocks and injuries fly thickest, had not deserted him. He trained on his own while the rest of the senior players went on a summer junket tour of America, and he earned himself a place and a chance in the next season's team.

Appearances

Muscle injuries, a badly gashed shin and a broken nose limited his appearances, but the old flair flashed enough to make everyone forget he had been put up for a sale.

"I never gave up hope altogether," he says. "I figure that if you have ability it never really leaves you. All I wanted was a decent run of games without injury."

Law's wish has more chance of coming true this season than ever before because the new disciplinary purge of violent tackling generally, and the tackle from behind in particular, will benefit him enormously.

It could in fact put another two or three years on to his playing career.

"I'm delighted with this tightening up," he says. "It should have happened 10 years ago. I have always felt that defenders were allowed to get away with too much. I wouldn't want to see physical contact taken out of the game, but all this kicking from behind has been wrong. It was one of the things that used to make me lose my head when I was younger.

"I'm glad for the sake of the game that they have at last decided to stop it. I'm also delighted from my personal point of view. Playing up front I have had more than my share of injuries . . . this has come just at the right time for me."

The Denis Law of today will not fear the other aspect of stricter control by the referees. For although Law's early career was studded by clashes with referees as he pioneered six-week suspensions, he is a much more mature personality these days.

Tolerant

"Problems like keeping your temper are easier to resolve as you get older," he explains. "I am still no saint and still get the occasional booking. But I don't get sent off in practice games any longer, and I'm more tolerant about life generally these days, both in football and away from it. The important thing is to learn from your mistakes. I hope I have," he added.

At the age of 31 it is important that Law does do well for, unlike most other stars, he has no real business interests. George Best has already laid the foundations of a

S BACK AND CHESTER BEST GETS OFF

Manchester United have made an encouraging start to the new season in England and much of their success is attributed to Denis Law. Although still hampered by some niggling injuries, Law has also provided some sparkling displays and on these pages David Meek talks to the "King of Old Trafford".

business tycoon, while Jimmy Greaves had so much going for him outside the game that he could cheerfully walk away from football at an age similar to Law.

"Other players have gone into business. I would rather concentrate on my football," says Law.

And that concentration could be a winner for new boss O'Farrell as he revitalises a faded Old Trafford image.

"He is the old Denis, sharp both physically and mentally," says O'Farrell. "He had a lot of injuries last season, but he trained again during the summer and has worked really hard. It has paid off. He is looking terrific."

After O'Farrell, no-one will be more delighted to see Law at his rip-roaring best again than the fans at Old Trafford's notorious Stretford End.

These are the youngsters ready to roar in salute once more "Denis Law . . . King", as their man turns with upraised arm, finger pointing skywards, to mark another goal for Manchester United.

IF the scales weighing sweets seem to err a little in favour of the proprietor recently at those business premises known as "The Middle Shop", it will only be Norman Burtenshaw using his sweetshop to redress the balance. For in the somewhat weightier affair of George Best, the sales were tipped so much in favour of the Manchester United footballer, that a more suspicious mortal might wonder whether they had been tampered with.

It may be, of course, that the FA Disciplinary Committee actually were satisfied that there was some element of doubt that the said Mr. Best had used foul language to the said Mr. Burtenshaw during the course of the League match between Chelsea and Manchester United. That being the case, one can only assume that no one on the committee attended the match, for unless the national press have suddenly lost the use of their eyesight, this is precisely what George Best proceeded to do.

Indeed such were the words that Best is authoratively reported to have used, that they would have been relevant in such circumstances only to the referee, and could not conceivably have been directed at one of his own colleagues, Willie Morgan, even if the said Mr. Morgan genuinely believed that they were. Since at the time many of these words were uttered, Messrs. Best and Morgan were facing in different directions at opposite ends of the field, there might be a case for believing otherwise; but no matter.

It may be that Mr. Burtenshaw, having had time to ponder on the enormity of the responsibility facing him at this particular hearing, namely that of depriving the country of the only thing between them and suicide, the regular appearance on a football field by George Best, had nagging doubts. It may be that so many influential people offered an unsollicited opinion to Mr. Burtenshaw of what actually happened, that he may no

continued on page 46

Second last year, they aim higher

IF sequences happen to turn the Portuguese on then you can see why Sporting Lisbon are worried about the next two seasons. The club has had three League successes in the past ten years, but nicely spaced in between have been two spells each of three titles for Benfica and what could be the beginning of another series — the 1970-71 championship.

For Sporting, with honours in 1962, 1966 and 1970, will have to wait until World Cup year 1974 for another chance if this is to be the case.

Situation

Despite the weight of current superstition against them and the fact that Portugal's most successful League side is Benfica with 18 titles to their 13, plus the inferiority which naturally comes from such a situation, Sporting are confident that they can improve on last season's second place and regain their crown from Benfica.

They had a convicing 4-1 win over their arch rivals in the Portuguese Cup Final which made up for the disappointment in the League, and coach Fernando Vaz is confident about the new season.

By any standards Sporting have a fine record in the League, having never been relegated from the First Division since the formation of the national league in 1934-35. At the end of last term their record read:

Success

Played 824, won 551, drawn 136, lost 137, goals for 2,415, goals against 1,214.

Their Portuguese Cup victory over Benfica at the tail end of last term was their eighth such success. Only Benfica have won it more—14 times.

And competing in the Cup Winners Cup again this season, Sporting have high hopes of emulating their feat of 1963-64 when they took the trophy in the wake of Benfica annexing the European Cup a year before.

It was one of the most eventful cup runs of any competing team in Europe. In the opening round they met Atalanta (Italy) and were flattered in only losing 2-0 away. At home they levelled the scores overall and won the play-off.

In the next round they were drawn against Apoel Nicosia, a modest Cypriot club famed only for its coach, ex-England centre-half Neil Franklin. The minnows had decided to play both legs in Portugal and crashed 16-1 to Sporting in a snowstorm. The second match was played a couple of days later, and Sporting were at odds to win by more than two clear goals.

Remarkable

Then came a sterner test. Manchester United at Old Trafford. The Portuguese were beaten out of sight, though the actual scoreline read only 4-1 against them away. Yet in Lisbon they took apart a tired United — recovering from a domestic cup battle—and won by five clear goals; a remarkable recovery in any language.

It took three matches to dispose of Olympique Lyon in the semi-final, and the play-off was secured by a single goal, while the French side were reduced by a dismissal to ten men. This earned Sporting the right to meet MTK Budapest in the final in Brussels.

Domestic

They shared six goals and were forced to a replay in Antwerp. Played in front of a sparse crowd, one goal after 20 minutes settled it in Sporting's favour; Morais scoring direct from a corner-kick.

Last season they created a little more Cup history at domestic level when they set up a new Portuguese record by defeating Mindelense 21-0!

Despite the occasion of this colossal score, Sporting were never as impressive in attack as they were in defence. They scored only 45 goals in their 26 League games. Lack of a reliable marksman was a hindrance—even in that one-sided record score cup-tie the highest individual marksman was Peres who only hit seven.

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Focus on Sporting Lisbon by JACK ROLLIN

'They have high hopes of emulating feat of 1963-4 when they took the Cup Winners Cup trophy'

In an attempt to provide an outstanding striker for the team, Sporting signed Hector Yazalde, an Argentinian who had won one cap for each of his 25 years and scored 75 goals in three seasons for Independiente. With such a reputation Sporting are naturally looking to him for much of their salvation.

The rest of the attack is less of a positive equation. The coloured Dinis, a tricky operator on the left flank, and Chico, who does his stuff on the wing, are not really reliable scorers, and Peres (27) is probably at his best as a midfield purveyor for all his seven goals in one cup game. He is a full international.

Disappointment

Nelson (24), the former Benfica reject and another full cap, has not really lived up to his earlier expectancy, but probably the biggest disappointment of last season was centre-forward Marinho (27) who often looked a fine prospect and won a cap but just as frequently flattered to deceive.

In the midfield region, Sporting are adequately served apart from Peres. Tome, Goncalves (26) and the former Vitoria Setubal player Vagner are useful performers. The latter is a Brazilian, and a fellow countryman of his, Joaquim Rocha, is expected to challenge for a senior berth in the new season.

But undoubtedly it is the defence which catches the eye most. Full-backs Pedro Gomes (29) and Hilario (31) are experienced international defenders who were in the 1964 Cup Winners Cup side. Actually Hilario broke a leg during the run but is none the worse for the experience. He has an able deputy in Manaca.

The centre back roles are in the capable hands of two other full caps, Jose Carlos the skipper and Calo (24). Jose Carlos is a vastly experienced 29-year-old campaigner who led the club to their previous Cup Winners Cup victory. Calo's position is being challenged by a newcomer Laranjeira, who can also double as a right-back.

Twenty-four-year-old Damas, a showy, sometimes suspect goalkeeper who has played for Portugal, completes what is basically a sound defence, which conceded only 14 goals in 26 League games last term, easily the best defensive record in the First Division.

Founded in 1906, Sporting have had a great tradition of blending home-grown talent with selected foreign stars. And certainly much will depend on how well Yazalde copes with his role as central spearhead.

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The October Choice is **Anatomy of a Football Star—George Best,** by David Meek. Here we have the whole story of the 'thin, homesick Irish boy of fifteen' who showed his talents to Sir Matt Busby, to Old Trafford and then to the world. Boutique owner and fashion model, as well as international soccer star, we hear about him from his family and friends, his manager and his landlady, his youth club leader—and his girls.

The other monthly Choices until March are equally exciting: **The Incomparable Game,** by Colin Cowdrey; **Leeds United and Don Revie,** by Eric Thornton; **Soccer Round the World: A Football Star's Story—from Manchester to Mexico,** by Francis Lee; **Time of the Tiger: The Bill O'Reilly Story,** by R. S. Whitington; **Father of Football: The Story of Sir Matt Busby,** by David Miller. *Altogether, the October to March Choices are worth £9, but cost you only £3 (plus p & p) through SBC.*

Copies of this year's March to September SBC Choices may still be ordered at a price of 50p plus 9p p & p (12p p & p after January). **Cricket, the Great All-Rounders; You Get Nowt for Being Second; Luck of the Toss; England! England!; A History of Yorkshire Cricket; Champions of Soccer; Cricket in Three Moods.**

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KUBALA'S FUTURE STILL IN DOUBT

IT will be very surprising if Ladislov Kubala remains "Supremo" of Spain's international side much longer. His resignation has been prepared for some time . . . only a promise he made to his players has prevented him presenting it.

Kubala was appointed by former Federation President, D. Jose Luis Costa, and given a completely free hand. Within months he had restored Spain's international morale, pride and prestige. Had he been allowed to continue with his methods and ideas Spain would have become a power to be considered in both the European Championship and World Cups.

But interference by President Perez Paya and his disorganised Federation hierarchy has completely wrecked the morale, comradeship and efficient system Kubala had created. Only a miracle-plus-recovery will prevent Spain's elimination from the European Championship.

If Kubala goes—and I can't see a man with his talents and dynamic enthusiasm remaining frustrated and continually opposed — it will be years before Spain becomes a first-class international nation. There is simply no-one else capable.

Appointed

And just to emphasise how bad things are, here's another policy item recently adopted by the present Federation. The very successful training sessions for under-23 discoveries have been abandoned because "we have only one under-23 international match this season." How intelligent! We stop building Spain's future international side because the Federation is not interested enough to arrange a couple of matches.

No wonder Spanish football is still lower than second class.

For the fourth time in ten years, Spain has changed the system of referee allocation. Last season the Federation-controlled Referees National Committee appointed the referee they thought suitable and who would serve the purposes of the two clubs. This season referees for each match will be decided by lottery . . . drawn in the presence of witnesses.

The general impression is that the lottery system is fairer than most that have been tried. The only danger is that a referee may too frequently be drawn for the same club.

More important — certainly a "New Deal" change — is the abolition of a club's right to ban a referee because they disapprove of his decisions. Clubs can, before the season starts, reject five of the 29 referees, but no rejections will be permitted during the season. This means at last referees will be dble to control a game without fear of being banned because they gave a decision one of the clubs didn't like.

The big thing has been the willingness of most clubs to forget their grudges against referees and let bygones be bygones. Atletico Madrid — fiery accusers of referees — passed all 29, including the eight they banned last season. Valencia (four banned last season), Sabadell (0), Seville (3), Espanol (4), Granada (2), Betis and Cordoba (ex Second Division) have all accepted the complete panel. Real Madrid and Barcelona have rejected one.

The most disgraceful posture is that of Burgos—promoted to the First Division for the first time in their history. They rejected five referees before ever having played a First Division match.

Zaragoza, on the other hand, acted most honourably. They banned 14 First Division referees last season (a record)—but accepted the whole Second Division panel. They've never seen any of them before, so why should they object? Fourteen of the 20 Second Division clubs are satisfied with the 30 referees allocated.

And just for the record, First Division referees in Spain get £60 and expenses for each match. They control one game every three weeks.

Spain's Tribunal of Labour has handed down a ruling that may make illegal many of the Football Federation's regulations — especially those applying to the civil and Laboral rights of players.

The Federation and clubs fear — and player-lawyers hope—it may be a breakthrough that will change the whole club-player relationship, end slavery in football and give professional footballers the freedom and independence enjoyed by members of other professions.

The Tribunal, in a claim case presented by former Real Madrid and Seville player, Pipi, ruled that a *footballer is a worker and his contract with his club is a labour contract.* This means (in Spain) that he is automatically

Joaquin Sierra, now of Valencia.

From NORMAN CUTLER in Spain

entitled to the protection of the Sindical Law (Union Law) which gives a worker specific rights to change his job. The Federation has always fiercely opposed and fought the setting up of a Footballers' Syndicate (Union). The Tribunal's ruling is likely to be argued by "interested parties". (The Federation has at least 15 lawyers among its officials.)

Lawyer Isacio Calleja, Spanish international and present captain of Atletico Madrid — together with several other player-lawyers—is to lead the cause of the professional footballer in Spain. (He may even visit England to exchange opinions with the Professional Footballers Association and Jimmy Hill, who did so much for the players.)

Safeguards

Calleja says: "The Tribunal's decision is a great triumph for the players. No-one denies the clubs rights, guarantees and safeguards due to normal employers. But it's wrong that a footballer should be treated as an *object* possessed entirely by his club; an object that can be bought and sold and exchanged without consultation, at the will of whoever sits in the Presidential chair; and possess no rights or freedom of liberty whatsoever.

"Another disruptive article is the Federation's famous Regulation 70 which prohibits a contracted player from practising another profession while a profesional footballer. This, in effect, prevents him preparing for the time when his football career is over."

Most people think a breakthrough has been made. But how fast progress will be made is another matter. Some things in Spain can be mighty slow.

Superior

Spain's much - publicised Summer Tournaments ended, footballwise, in utter disaster . . . for Spanish clubs. They pointed clearly to the shape of things to come . . . the still further decline of Spanish football. They proved that the game in Eastern Europe (Yugoslavia, Russia, Hungary) is, at the moment, infinitely superior to that in Spain. They indicated — if tournament form is any guidance — that Spain's qualifiers will be slaughtered innocents in the later stages of the European competitions.

Visiting clubs won 11 of the 13 principal international events. Only Barcelona, who beat Chacarita Juniors 1-0 for their own trophy, and Malaga, with a surprising 2-1 victory over the best of all visitors, Red Star Belgrade, salvaged Spanish pride. Foreign clubs due to participate in Europe's competitions won ten trophies . . . Spain managed one.

Glaria of Espanol, transferred from Atletico Madrid in 1969 for £72,000.

This year, unlike other years, we were treated to a feast of football, presented exclusively by the visitors. They all played superb football, entertaining and exciting. Each club displaying its own particular style, skill and tactics. They came not on a holiday jaunt or a warm-up trip, but to win and uphold their own, and their countries, reputation. And to justify, by effort and spectacle, the £9,000 (for two matches) they were paid.

Tournaments

Spanish clubs, on the other hand, were in poor physical condition, treated the tournaments as training games and testing grounds for new players — and were only interested in taking the fee, giving little or nothing in return. There was nothing but complaints from Spanish managers. It was too hot to play good football! Two matches in 24 hours is too much! The grounds were too hard. Hell . . . it was the same for both sides!

Manol Manolov, manager of C.S.K.A. Sofia, who won the Palma trophy for the second year, put it this way: "We came with sincere intentions of fulfilling our obligations to the public and organisers . . . and to play in the best way we know how." C.S.K.A. have scored eight goals in their two visits to Palma . . . six by Peter Jekov.

Here are the results of the Finals:

RAPID VIENNA 1, Celta 0 (La Linea).
C.S.K.A. SOFIA 2, Barcelona 1 (Palma).
RED STAR BELGRADE 3, Coruna 1 (Teresa Herrera).
UJPEST DOZA 3, C.S.K.A. Moscow 1 (Colombino).
FERENCVAROS 1, Elche 0 (Festa D'Elig).
Red Star Belgrade 1, MALAGA 2 (Costa (del Sol).
GORNIK ZABRZE 2, Torpedo Moscow 0 (Prince of Spain).
VASAS de BUDAPEST 2, Standard Lieja 1 (Bilbao).
TORPEDO de MOSCOW 3, Coruna 1 (Conde Fenosa).
Chacarita Juniors 0, BARCELONA 1 (Gamper).
RED STAR BELGRADE 2, Real Madrid 1 (Iberica).
BENFICA 3, Penarol 0 (Carranza).
PANATHINAIKOS 2, Cleta 1 (Vigo).
(Name of tournament in brackets.)

EVEN HIS EY
ARE SKY BL

THE morning after the night before, on which unfancied Burnley had dumped Coventry City out of the Football League Cup in front of a decidedly disgruntled Highfield Road crowd, was probably not the most propitious time to catch Noel Cantwell. But Coventry's beefcake boss, whose sane and serious comments on the multi-talented gathering of critics assembled by BBC for their 1970 World Cup coverage confirmed his reputation for sound judgement, is as resilient as he is realistic.

"After an upset like that everybody is a bit down," he admits. "But you just have to pick yourself up again—that's what the game is all about. And I have to pick myself up before I can start convincing the players to do the same."

Cantwell will not disagree with anybody who suggests that he has the best young side in the English First Division. The precocious talents of his many teenage prospects have been drawing favourable comments up and down the country.

"Because we have so many young boys in the side," he says, "we are bound to be a bit inconsistent at the moment. But I've just bought Chris Chilton, who is a very experienced player and should score plenty of goals in the First Division. Ian St. John will be arriving from South Africa. These two should help the youngsters a great deal."

While football managers simply have to be patient, the turnstile customers are not always so ready to wait for results. The Coventry supporters stood by City as they struggled to establish themselves as a First Division force. They were rewarded when the Sky Blues came sixth in the League a couple of season ago, and 10th last season.

"The public have seen us consolidate," Cantwell points out. "Now they expect us to do better still. What we could really do with is a decisive win or two at home. That would let people know that we are an attractive side."

Frustrating

The manager needs no convincing. He is justifiably proud of the efforts of his "boys" although they have developed the frustrating habit of playing better away from home than at Highfield Road.

"There is more tension and pressure to do well at home. The difference in attitude and approach is very noticeable. After the run of success the club enjoyed before I came here in 1967, one must expect people to be ready to support a winning side, and not so keen if we're not getting results," he remarks.

Flamboyant

Cantwell, nevertheless, was thrown in at the deep end of football management. He had no practical experience of the demands of the job when appointed to succeed Jimmy Hill in October, 1967. Just how does any man follow the flamboyant, trumpeting image of a predecessor who had known little but success but had departed for a new career in television shortly after hoisting Coventry to the First Division plateau?

"It was nerve-racking for a start," concedes Cantwell. "On reflection, I

Peter Osgood of Chelsea crosses the ball before Coventry's Jeff Blockley can intervene.

YES

LUE

On the Bosses

Number 2 Conducted by MARTIN ROGERS

NOEL CANTWELL Coventry City

realise it would have been much better to have started somewhere lower down the scale as a manager. You have to learn by your mistakes in this job—and with Coventry bottom of the First Division after about a dozen matches, there was no room for mistakes!"

Several clubs had come up from nowhere and slid back into the Second Division; not with a bang but a whimper. Noel was determined that such a fate should not befall Coventry City. He realised well enough just how important it was to cling on to life at the top, and he managed to get the message through well enough to keep the side from relegation.

Toughest

Today, he will admit that better sides than his fell out of the First Division while Coventry were striving to maintain their status. One problem was that the staff which had been good enough to win promotion lacked the depth and quality required of a team in soccer's toughest competition.

"The transfer business is very tricky," he says. "I don't believe you can buy a ready-made team because you end up with just paid servants. That's why one of the first and most important tasks I undertook here was to reorganise the whole youth policy."

Transfers

He's done that pretty thoroughly and effectively but has still managed to trade to the extent of spending £700,000 in transfers in four yers, although he's brought £550,000 back into the Coventry coffers. Still, you wouldn't expect a man who was once the subject of the record transfer fee for a full-back—he cost Manchester United £29,000 when they bought him from West Ham in 1960—to have anything but a shrewd appreciation of the market.

Above all, though, he recognises the importance of having players who really care about playing for Coventry City. This is where he has struck lucky—after careful planning and grooming—with youngsters such as Willie Carr, Jeff Blockley, Bobby Parker, Michael Maguire and Dennis Mortimer.

Look at Coventry City's success record in the FA Youth Cup, and the evidence is there. It is no coincidence that the Coventry kids come into a set-up geared to guarantee a steady supply of talent. The attention to detail which made City such a progressive club even before they entered the First Division is still something of which everybody at Highfield Road is very concerned.

The club, reports Cantwell, is built on solid lines, and he firmly believes that it is well on the way to being one of the biggest and best in the country. Competition for places in English football's elite has become fearsome in the last decade, but Coventry are there or thereabout.

Emphasis

That Burnley defeat rattled even Cantwell's equable temperament because he feels that the club has a need to win something, just to emphasise the progress which has been made in the last two or three years. But this League Cup defeat did not come as so much of a shock as an FA Cup exit at Rochdale, of all places, last season.

Nevertheless, it was after that result that Cantwell decided that the time had come to give several of the youngsters their chance. The bright promise demonstrated in competitions such as the Youth Cup has been in evidence in First Division combat, too, but, as yet, too spasmodically for the liking of some Sky Blue fans.

Characters

If they still permit themselves to be patient, however, those followers can look forward to better things. Noel Cantwell is one of those characters who has always been bound for the success circuit. He had a taste of it at West Ham, when he was one of the lengthy list of forward thinkers headed by the remarkable Malcolm Allison.

Allison it was who first persuaded Cantwell to try a coaching course. The full FA badge followed when he was with Manchester United, and he was able to compare methods. There was never as much coaching at Old Trafford, he says, as at Upton Park years earlier—that in an era when tactical awareness was a barely awakening aspect of the game.

"Organisation and planning is vital nowadays, though," he insists. "The way in which we bring along our boys, for example, is very important. But one still wants players to be able to express themselves. I know my youngsters have great ability and potential, so naturally I am very disappointed for them when

they don't produce it, especially at at home."

Noel still manages to sleep at nights, all the same. He has such obvious faith in the destiny of Coventry City that one can imagine just how readily the players will listen and be convinced by his gentle lilting Southern Irish tones.

"A coach can be much closer to players than a manager," he says, with a trace of wistfulness. "Total involvement without the responsibility of having to make the final, and often unpopular, decisions," is how he summarises the role of the coach. At the same time, though, he has obviously come to terms with the requirements of the manager's lot and has re-adjusted his thinking to the required level.

Relationship

"It's a very lonely life," he confesses. "I like to be with the players at the training ground—and spend far more time there than at my office desk, which suits me. But one has to be very careful about the relationship with players. You have got to lead them into battle."

With his direct way of approaching people and problems, Noel Cantwell seems certain to achieve his aim of elevating Coventry to the "Super League" which is taking shape.

Why, even his eyes are a disconcerting Sky Blue—as his colour television audience cannot have failed to notice. I defy anyone to beat that.

Burkett inspires oracle

by TOM MULDOWNEY

JACK BURKETT arrived at Richmond Park to take charge of St. Patricks three weeks before the Eire soccer season started. Three weeks later, he led them out on to Dalymount Park in the final of the LFA President Cup competition.

On form Patricks had no right to be there. They have not won a trophy for ten years. A decade of disaster. One of pinch and privation; of worry and want. Nothing went right. Not even for Big Jock Colrain. His three trojan years failed to stop the seemingly endless slide. Came Burkett. And few trumpets blew a welcome. For what could the former West Ham FA Cup and European Cup medallist achieve where so many others had failed. What indeed?

Victory against the odds is something to applaud. Applause and adulation it was for Jack Burkett. A new, proud name in Richmond Park, where stands a cup in a once bare board-room.

Campaigns

Burkett started, but is not the only star of Saints revival. Count in two veterans of countless campaigns. Salute goalkeeper Kevin Blount. This custodian is one of the few real personalities left in a faceless game. His acrobatic antics and conjuring contortions thrilled thousands during a much travelled career covering two decades.

Also cast in the giant mould is Freddie Strahan. A Shelbourne stalwart during his international days, few who saw, will ever forget his golden goal scored against England when last the former World Cup champions played in Dublin. Sweeper or striker comes easy to fair-haired Freddie. A star in his own right. Another monarch in the kingdom of success.

Blount, Strahan and, of course, Burkett. Three gentlemen of sport. A credit to the game and to the club they serve and hope to keep in the forefront of Eire soccer.

CANADA FLATTER ONLY TO DECEIVE

THE Canadian amateur international team flattered only to deceive during the Pan American Games in Cali, Columbia. Drawn in a group with Columbia, the Bahamas and the Dominican Republic they beat the two island teams 5-0 and 4-0 respectively but lost to the host nation 2-1. This performance did, however, qualify them for the final pool where they opened with a 2-0 defeat by Argentina and then went on to turn in their best performance of the year, beating Columbia 3-2.

This win put Canada in a strong position but they could only pick up one point from their last three games, drawing 1-1 with the United States and losing to Trinidad and to Cuba, and so finished out of the reckoning for the medals.

Tournament

With one game left in the pre-Olympic tournament, that against Mexico in Vancouver, the Canadians can be far from satisfied with their results this year, having played a total of 11 games, while winning just four and losing five with two being drawn. However, it is perhaps indicative of the generally low standard of play in this country.

Yet another indication of this was provided by a game between Dinamo Zagreb and Hamilton Croatia, at that time leaders of the semi-professional Ontario National League. After pre-game ceremonies that lasted 40 minutes in the hot sun Dinamo annihilated Croatia 10-0 and the score might well have been double that. There was just an enormous gulf in class.

Just how shattering an experience playing under a hot sun in Canada can be even in an evening game was all too clear on the faces of the Toronto Metros players after they had defeated the New York Cosmos 2-1 in a hard-fought game at Varsity Stadium. Graham Leggat, who at 38 played an inspirational role in his team's win as well as scoring a fine goal, was totally exhausted, his face beet red with the heat.

The 90 degree temperature combined with the high humidity also affected little Gus Moffat, who had run himself into the ground as usual. "I don't think I'll stand another season of this," he said.

Toronto, from being a largely British squad early in the season, have now become a predominantly Portuguese team with the British players having returned to their clubs. With regular goalkeeper Dick Howard having broken his arm the club signed Jose Rodrigues from Olhanence of the Portuguese Second Division and in recent weeks have added Julio Armador Mestre from Boa Vista and Antonio Medeiros from CUF Barreiro.

Outstanding

In addition to these players the club also had four players on loan from First Portuguese of the Ontario National League for three games, while centre-back Joao DaCosta has been the club's outstanding player all season.

In Montreal where the Olympic have had a very poor season both results-wise and at the gate, owner Sam Berger is already predicting changes for next season. Twice in recent weeks referees have been attacked by fans and on the last occasion Windsor referee Peter Johnson had to be taken to hospital with head injuries and the game abandoned.

Berger feels that it is very difficult for police to control 3,000 fans in a stadium that holds 30,000 and therefore plans to move the Olympic to a smaller stadium next year.

Furphy will retire in five years

Ken Furphy, manager of Blackburn Rovers.

BY ERIC THORNTON

IS it 60 or 65? Those are the two figures most men generally juggle with while looking ahead and thinking of the day when it's their turn for laying down the tools of the trade, staying home, and just tottering around the garden.

Perhaps that's not a very attractive picture for contemplation. Livelier views are certainly conjured up when the blood is plentiful, life's busy, and the years stretch away into the far distance.

Of course, that's when you're only in the 30s. Or the 40s. Nobody in those age groups talk about packing in a job, and retiring. At least, only the odd bods. Such as Ken Furphy.

Furphy? Never. That's your obvious reaction when the subject of that comment is such a bright young soccer manager. Not an average type, but one with a tremendous future. A man very definitely on the escalator going up, and one who could become Manager of the Year.

Retirement

But just listen to me for a moment. Mister Furphy himself provided that view, because he has already fixed the retirement date. Having just left his 40th birthday behind the new boss of Blackburn Rovers admits to a fancy for quitting the hot seat in another five years—because of seeing so many managers of 45 and over struggling.

He doesn't ever want to reach such a stage himself, and, that being so, it's understandable that he's flat out for success once more, is determined to win something for the Lancastrians, and, naturally, the first big target is a return brief to the Second Division.

Achievement

That is the Number One ambition of the Ewood board, and it's a useful one to aim at because achievement the first time round will mean an extra £5,000 bonus to tuck in alongside that new salary of £8,000. Very nice to handle.

Big money? Yes, though it should be remembered that Furphy has almost worked himself into the ground coming within reach of that kind of cash. I'll admit, however, that it hardly seems all that time since those early formative years around his native Stockton-on-Tees, that cold north-east corner of Britain where they still believe you've only to whistle down a pit for a good 'un to come up in the next cage.

Anyway, the years rolled by, as they usually do, and then, after a brief sojourn with Everton, he developed into a long-serving half-back with Darlington. Good times were in plentiful supply at The Feethams those days.

Apprenticeship

Finally, he set out on a parallel route to Hadrian's Wall, and landed at Workington where, within a couple of years of stiff apprenticeship to managership, he boosted the crowds from a thinning 2,000 to nearly 6,000 while hauling them out of the Fourth Division.

That achievement of 1964 was noted in the places that matter. Particularly in the boardrooms. Sunderland and Watford eventually faced each other in a tug-o'-war for his services, and there was a surprise victory for the little Vicarage Road club against the mighty Roker outfit.

Average gate

Furphy planned and implemented a new future for the Hertfordshire folk, and, as the crowds began building, they aimed for the Third Division summit. Middlesbrough pipped them for second place by just one point in 1967, but they were champs two years later with a best-ever average gate of 13,500.

That was the winter when Watford dressed up to watch their boys force Manchester United to a fourth round Cup replay, and paid record receipts of £18,400 for the privilege.

It was a great day, yet it faded from the memory 12 months later, when everybody went mad and jigged along the famous, winding High Street. With good cause, too. For after accounting for Bolton Wanderers, Stoke City and Gillingham, they had the audacity to beat Liverpool on their way to the semi-final.

> 'A man very definitely on the escalator going in the direction of achievement'

The crowds continued rising. Everything looked good, and it was thought that Furphy was becoming a permanency when, suddenly, and without warning, the manager succumbed to Blackburn's line of patter. He decided to move again even though his contract had another three years to run, and Mrs. Furphy was operating a very successful business.

If you ask for an explanation, there'll be no hesitancy in replying. He just felt that Watford were unlikely to win anything of importance, whereas Blackburn were in with a chance as a bigger club with greater potential.

It is true to say that a successful Blackburn club would command tremendous support. Then, the sky could be the limit. Ken Furphy probably realises that. It will be interesting watching developments. . . .

INDEPENDIE ONCE AG

ARGENTINA

WITH River Plate losing their three games and Chacarita Juniors only picking up two points since the Metropolitan Championship restarted in ARGENTINA following the short recess for international games, Independiente, last year's champions, have taken over top place and lead by two points with nine games to go.

It is strange how River Plate, who virtually started a revolution in Argentine soccer by putting the emphasis back on attack and good soccer, have gradually slipped and have now apparently gone to pieces altogether. With Chacarita it was, however, to be foreseen that after selling their captain and organiser, Marcos, to Nantes (France) for 45,000 dollars and Orife to Cordoba (Spain) for about £36,000 during the recess, they wouldn't be the same team.

Meanwhile the former South American Cup holders, Estudiantes de La Plata, now under new coach, Enrique Sivori (the ex-Argentine international and Juventus star), have picked up four points from three games to finally get away from the bottom of the table.

Velez Sarsfield's Bianchi is the man of the moment after just hitting River Plate for three and topping the scorers' table with 25 goals.

METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Independiente	27	15	8	4	46	20	38
San Lorenzo	27	15	6	6	63	35	36
Chacarita Juniors	27	14	8	5	39	26	36
Newell's Old Boys	26	13	8	5	57	36	34
Velez Sarsfield	26	12	9	5	60	33	33
River Plate	27	13	6	8	51	39	32
Gimnasia y Esgrima	25	9	11	5	38	38	29
Ferro Carril Oeste	26	10	7	9	35	35	27
Huracan	27	9	8	10	31	39	26
Boca Juniors	26	11	3	12	40	41	25
Rosario Central	25	7	9	9	38	39	23
Los Andes	26	8	6	12	30	40	22
Argentinos Juniors	26	6	10	10	34	42	22
Banfield	27	5	12	10	28	40	22
Colon de Santa Fe	27	7	8	12	44	57	22
Racing	26	5	11	10	40	50	21
Atlanta	26	7	5	14	34	46	19
Estudiantes de la Plata	23	5	5	13	24	41	15
Platense	26	3	8	15	29	54	14

BRAZIL

The national championship has got under way in BRAZIL with 19 clubs from different state leagues playing in two sections. New name in the headlines is 18-year-old Santos forward, Mazinho, who is the tournament's leading scorer at this stage with four goals in two games. Another Pelé? It's too early to say. Many have been described in this way and then failed to live up to it. Placings after three games were:

Group A: (1) Cruzeiro (Bello Horizonte) 6 pts., (2) Corinthians (San Paulo) 5, (3) Vasco da Gama (Rio), Santa Cruz, Palmeirns (San Paulo) 3, (6) Curitiba, Ceará 2, (8) International (P. Alegre), Fluminense (Rio) 1, (10) Portuguesa de Deportes (S. Paulo) 0.

Group B: (1) Gremio (P. Alegre), Santos 5, (3) EC Bahia 4, (4) Sport Recife, Flamengo (Rio), Botafogo (Rio), America (Rio), America (Minas Gerais), Atletico (M. Gerais) 2.

BOLIVIA

At press time the "Three Cities" Championship in BOLIVIA, in which clubs from three leagues take part and which is virtually a national championship, has been suspended. The Cochabamba League wants to form a separate Federation and the Bolivian FA has kicked out Cochabamba's five clubs from the tournament.

ECUADOR

With two games to go in the qualifying stage of ECUADOR'S national championship, placings are:

Group A: (1) Emelec 18 pts., (2) Deportivo Cuenca 17, (3) America, Nacional 15, (5) Juventud Italiana 11, (6) Politecnico, Macara 10, (8) Norteamerica 0.

Group B: (1) Universidad Catolica 18, (2) Barcelona 15, (3) Liga Deportiva Universitaria (Quito) 14, (4) Universidad Porto Viejo 12, (5) Brazil, Deportivo Quito 11, (7) 9 de Octubre 10, (8) Olmedo 5.

The top four from each group enter the final round in which teams will play each other home and away.

COLOMBIA

Onze Caldas tops the second of COLOMBIA'S two annual league championships, with 10 points, followed by Nacional and Cucuta (8), Deportivo Quindio (7), Independiente-Santa Fe, Deportivo Cali and Oro Negro (5).

Bianchi (Velez Sarsfield), leading scorer in Argentina's Metropolitan Championship, just fails to score against Uruguay. Behind him is Montero Castillo of Uruguay.

NTE TOP AIN

Tolima, Millionarios de Bogotá and America de Cali (4), Deportivo Pereira, Junior and Cartagena (3) and Magdalena (2).

PERU

In PERU'S First Division, Argentine goalkeeper, Humberto Ballesteros, kept his goal intact for eight games running and his club, Universitario, went through its first ten games unbeaten, but a 2-1 defeat against Alianza Lima in the 11th cost them top place. Sporting Cristal, last year's champions, now lead by two points.

(1) Sporting Cristal 19 pts., (2) Universitario 17, (3) Melgar, Municipal 14, (5) Torino 13, (6) Sport Boys 12, (7) Alianza Lima, Arica, Juan Aurich (Chiclana) 11, (10) Defensor Lima 10, (11) Manucci 9, (12) Tuman, ADO 8, (14) Espinoza 7, (15) Miraflores, Galvez 6.

VENEZUELA

VENEZUELA'S Liga Mayor placings: (1) Deportivo Italia, Valencia 28, (3) Deportivo Galicia, Union Canarias 24, (5) Tiquire-Aragua 21, (6) Anzoategui 18, (7) Deportivo Portugues 16, (8) Lara 9.

URUGUAY

Small clubs, Danubio and Liverpool, are still changing places at the top of URUGUAY'S First Division at the half-way stage, while Nacional and Peñarol, one of whom always wins the championship, are third and fourth, but expected to move to the top at any moment. Danubio and Liverpool are playing well, but when short of first eleven players, their lack of reserve strength is felt.

The Government has passed a law whereby participants in official sporting events can be examined for drugs at any time, without previous warning. Penalties are severe and the Professional Football Players Union is up in arms against the law, because they feel their members are getting the worst deal.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
Danubio	11	8	1	2	16	10	17
Liverpool	11	7	3	1	19	7	17
Peñarol	11	7	2	2	17	10	16
Nacional	11	6	3	2	21	11	15
Bella Vista	11	4	4	3	13	11	12
Sud America	11	2	6	3	12	12	10
Huracan Buceo	11	3	3	5	17	15	9
Central	11	2	4	5	14	19	8
Cerro	11	2	4	5	13	22	8
Defensor	11	2	4	5	7	10	8
River Plate	11	–	7	4	8	15	7
Racing	11	2	1	8	10	25	5

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

Argentina's River Plate are slipping. They hardly ever win if Mas (white shirt) isn't playing. On the left is Melendez, Boca Juniors Peruvian back.

Eternal question in Holland

AJAX or Feyenoord for the 1972 Dutch title? The eternal question of recent years ignores the possibility that an outsider can steal the title. Only two things are certain in Dutch football—one of this pair will take the championship again, and Ajax Amsterdam, having emulated their arch rivals Feyenoord in winning the European Cup 12 months later, will NOT go on to take the world title.

Injections

The Dutch club refused to meet Nacional (Uruguayan winners of the South American Club Championship) in South America on the grounds that medical advice recommended so many injections for the players that the club's championship hopes would be affected. Lemonade, of course, but Ajax chairman Jaap Van Praag decides all, and it looks as if neither UEFA nor FIFA can force him nor fine the club!

After three games it seemed that Sparta (Rotterdam) might offer even stiffer resistance to the big two than last season, particularly after leading Ajax 1-0 (before a near capacity 32,000 crowd) until the 90th minute when Swart equalised. Cruyff, incidentally, led to Sparta's goal by conceding a penalty.

Point lead

At the same time Feyenoord were taking a point lead by winning 2-1 away to NEC Nijmegen (maximum points from their games until then) to lead Ajax by a point, and with both teams winning at the fourth fence it's Feyenoord by a point (8 from 4) over Ajax (7 from 4) and Telstar (6 from 4 games).

At the bottom the *newlings* Excelsior (Rotterdam's third club) have no goals but one point while Vitesse (from Arnhem) have managed one goal (against nine conceded) but have no points.

JAPANESE RESULTS

European tour results:
v. Borussia Monchengladbach 2–4
v. Darmstadt 98 2–3
v. Denmark Olympic XI 2–3
v. Hull City 0–5
v. Southampton 2–6
v. Grimsby Town 2–7
v. Iceland National XI 2–0

JAPAN'S visit to Europe gained little publicity in West Germany and England, partly because of the bigger local news at the start of a new season and in England, at least, because of the well-known insularity which still dominates the national news media. Yet for me, and I suspect many others who saw them play, it was an experience of great interest not only because I had previously never seen anything of the Japanese game but also because their standard of play was unexpectedly good!

The match I chose to see was that against Southampton, first because it was their only game in England against First Division opposition and also because the "Saints" are perhaps an average Division I side. Of course, the Japanese were beaten but the result — a 6-2 defeat — certainly flattered Southampton and I suspect their other results were equally misleading. For example, their team manager Mr. Shun Okano told me that at Hull the second, third and fourth goals were all "own goals" put into their own net by Japanese defenders and at Southampton, quite late in the game, the tourists were holding their own and playing well, only 2-3 down as late as the 76th minute.

The first point that needs to be made is that the Japanese players all had real ability and collectively they played or tried to play the kind of open attractive football that has almost disappeared from the modern game with its undue emphasis on results and success. They made only one concession to the modern trend—playing the 28-year-old and very experienced defender Ogi behind the defence as a *libero* or "free back" and this I suspect was an unusual move and an attempt to prevent a repetition of the five-goal disaster they had suffered a few days earlier at Hull.

At Southampton there were weaknesses in defence. In particular the full-backs—Katayama on the right and his partner Yamaguchi — were both inclined to allow themselves to be caught "square" and by marking too closely on their wingers there were times when passes were laid *inside* them. This through-pass which several times exposed the Japanese goal puts the winger away clear and though it didn't arise regularly it was enough to cause concern. Yet despite this weakness, as individuals both backs revealed themselves to be skilful and intelligent in their interceptions and distribution and they both moved upfield intelligently to support their attacks when their team had possession. Certainly they can play football.

Fine individual

Ogi, playing "behind", was also a fine individual player but, particularly late in the game he was inclined to move forward with the ball and then if his pass went to a Southampton player or the move otherwise broke down a lack of cover was revealed in the centre of the Japanese defence. Yet, Ogi too was an exceptionally good *player*.

Perhaps the strangest combination of talents and faults was revealed by goalkeeper Yokoyama, a veteran of both the Tokyo and Mexico Olympic tournaments. In dealing with high crosses that he could get *both hands to*, he was extremely good. Full of courage, positioning and timing his jumps well and holding everything he reached as if he had glue on his hands. Yet other crosses that he could not pull down and had to knock away revealed a tendency to try and punch—one-handed instead of two-fisted—and on several occasions he either failed to get even a touch to the ball or succeeded only in pushing the ball a few yards from goal which left the ball in the danger area.

Finally, though courageous in his approach to the high cross —which pleasantly surprised me—there was one situation when Jimmy Gabriel had broken through alone on the right and was closing on goal fast, when a European 'keeper would have known he must advance to narrow the angle. On this occasion Yokoyama stood transfixed on his line as if struck by lighting to leave Gabriel with all the goal to shoot at ... and score. Mr. Okano told me that all Japanese goalkeepers share this same reluctance to leave their line—but overall, despite his errors Yokoyama looked competent and made many fine saves from very good shots and headers from close range.

Mr. Shun-Ichiro Okano, team manager of the Japanese squad.

One general comment that applies perhaps equally to all the players on view is that they have undoubted ability for the game and given a full season playing in the top class European game they would all become sharper, quicker to react and anticipate and they gave me the definite impression that not only will they be a force to be reckoned with at the Munich Olympic Games but they would all improve quickly and to a marked degree, given continuous exposure to European standards of play.

What they need above all else is regular competitive play of a high standard and the tragedy is that Japan is so geographically isolated from the rest of the major footballing countries of the world—in Europe and South America.

Previous tours

Mr. Okano also told me that judging from his experience on previous tours the benefits of this exposure will show up very considerably during the first few weeks back in Japan. They will all, as individuals for their club teams, be a great deal quicker and better, but that given a few matches in the more leisurely pace of the Japanese domestic game, they will slowly lose their new-found sharpness and momentum. This certainly serves to confirm my impressions about the Japanese players' potential.

Overall, however, it was their general play, the skill they exhibited, their collective build-up from defence to attack and

BETTER THAN INDICATE

by ERIC BATTY

their finishing power which impressed me most. These are the basics of the game, the skeleton on which the flesh of football builds and develops and if the Japanese soccer skeleton is still comparatively small it is growing fast and well. If the players I saw were only marginally above the general standard of the First Division then it is already past the infant stage ... and growing flesh on the bare bones, fast!

Before there had been any score at Southampton the Japanese produced a fine move. The ball was played up from midfield by Ashikaga to Kamamoto who failed to control the ball first time but recovered possession to make a good pass out to left-winger Sugiyama. The winger's good first-time cross found Ashikaga in space, moving like a train from the moment he had set this attack up from midfield and he hit a beautiful left-foot volley only just over the bar from around 18 yards.

Later with Southampton 1-0 up, one of the Japanese two centre-backs, Mori, pushed up into midfield, proving once more that even their defenders can really play. From midfield Mori hit a perfectly flighted 30-yard pass that just cleared the head of Southampton left-back Hollywood and a yard and a half behind him Yoshimura jumped to control the ball with his chest and send it past Hollywood. Away like a rabbit Yoshimura hit a left-foot shot that almost broke the Southampton 'keeper's left-hand post.

At 28 minutes the tourists should have been level when Nagai came on instead of Ueda and the Japanese came more and more into the game. Pushing up with six men they levelled the score at the half-hour with a fine shot. The build-up was good but the final pass into the penalty area, meant for Kamamoto, went straight to a Saints defender. Kamamoto challenged to block his clearance and chasing the rebound managed to turn it back to left-winger Sugiyama, whose first-time left-foot shot screamed hard and high into the top left-hand corner.

High crosses

At the interval it was still 1-1 and if Southampton had been generally on top it was the Japanese who had provided the real old-fashioned quality football. Then the Saints' constant pressure and particularly their high crosses and the head of Wales centre-forward Ron Davies began to cause real trouble. Yokoyama made an excellent reflex save from a six-yard header and then twice in one minute more crosses enabled the head of Davies to beat Yokoyama only for Kavakami and Mori to head away two certain goals from under the bar.

Now Southampton got two quick goals—a through pass from O'Neill being allowed to pass "inside" him by left-back Yamaguchi, and with the defence caught *flat* (no cover) Gabriel ran on to score a soft goal with Yokoyama refusing to advance—then yet another high cross enabled Davies to outjump the entire defence and make it 3-1 with a header.

With the game clearly going against them and the Japanese players obviously tiring at 75 minutes they were still producing good things in patches when Kamamoto took a great goal. Yamaguchi brought the ball forward from left-back to find his winger Sugiyama with a good pass and, looking up, the left-winger crossed a fine high ball. Kamamoto leaped high to control the ball on his chest, adjusted his balance with the ball still in the air and hit a superb left-foot volley hard and low into the bottom left-hand corner. 2-3 and the Japanese were overjoyed and clearly back in the game with a real chance—but their joy lasted only a few seconds before another right-wing cross from former England international Terry Paine was headed into his own goal by Kavakami.

What a disaster that such a goal should have come just then, only seconds after the rapidly tiring Japanese had got the morale-boosting goal they needed so badly. But still they were coming forward and playing football with the ball flowing from foot to foot. Good running—but slower now, enabled the Japanese to take up good positions in support of their colleague in possession of the ball and occasionally, too, they would demonstrate their individual ability by feinting and dribbling past an opponent before pushing the ball forward for the feet of a team-mate.

Tired but still attacking when the opportunity arose, the Japanese exposed their goal by failing to get back fast enough when their moves broke down and inevitably the goals started to go in against them. In the last 15 minutes the score mounted from 2-3 to 2-6 but even in this period the Japanese were still playing good football and, most important, creating good shooting positions.

A good ball from Kamamoto, hit across the face of the Southhampton penalty area, set up a chance for Nagai but his first-time shot was mis-hit and went over. Then Nagai and Kamamoto worked a good position for the latter with a fine bout of inter-passing down the right flank before the centre-forward's shot—well-hit and on target was deflected for a corner by a Southampton defender.

Combined well

With only seconds left and 6-2 down the Japanese were still playing real football and Nagai, Kamamoto and Mori (in midfield now) combined well to make yet another good shooting position from which Mori shot over the bar from the edge of the Southampton penalty area.

When it was all over the Japanese lined up in Central European fashion to wave to the crowd and one wondered how many of the applauding spectators reflected as I did that while Southampton had scored six goals and won comfortably it was the Japanese who had played the real football.

Apart from the errors in defence already mentioned and the goalkeeper's inability to punch the high balls he couldn't reach there was quality in everything the Japanese did and tried to do.

Making an objective analysis of the Japanese I was very pleasantly surprised at all I saw. They demonstrated all the basic skills plus individual flair and their problems were all in the aspects one would expect from amateur players—a lack of stamina and, by comparison with Southampton's professionals, a general all-round weakness in physical terms. They were obviously unhappy under pressure in defence, particularly against the high cross and forced to participate in a game played at a faster pace than that they are accustomed to, they were all at times, forced into making elementary errors.

But all these deficiencies would obviously be overcome if only they could play regularly in the English First Division and if the general standard of the 13 players who took part in the Southampton game was high there were several who merit individual mention. First Kamamoto, now 27 years old—out of the game for all of 1969 with hepatitis but still a fine centre-forward and the two midfield players of real all-round ability, 20-year-old Ashikaga and Nagai who is only 18.

ST. LOUIS THE TEAM TO BEAT

PERHAPS the single most important decision to emerge from the annual general meeting of the United States Soccer Football Association (held at the Haddon Hall in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in July) was the election of two men closely connected with college and youth soccer to vice-presidencies.

Dr. John McKeon, coach at East Stroudsburg State University, was named third vice-president by the voting delegates and Dr. Clyde Partin of Emory University in Atlanta and a director of the Youth of America Soccer Programme fourth vice-president. The highly encouraging growth rate of college and youth soccer in recent years has made it imperative for some time now that both these areas of the game be represented at the highest level of soccer administration in the United States.

A total of 640 colleges included soccer in their sports programme for 1970—the highest number ever, but it still only represented 53.6% of all the colleges in membership with the all powerful National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA). More than 300 of these colleges were eligible for last season's national championship, the finals of which were staged at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, Illinois, and won by the St. Louis University Billikens.

In the new season which will commence with the Fall semester St. Louis, who have lost only four of last year's team will once again be the club to beat, but they can expect a strong challenge from teams such as UCLA last year's runners-up, Hartwick from Oneonta, New York and San Jose State.

As an indication of just how soccer is growing in the colleges, the Texas Collegiate Soccer League provides a fine example. This league in the Lone Star State has doubled its membership in the last two years and now includes the University of Houston and Rice in Houston, Midwestern in Wichita Falls, St. Mary's and Trinity (The University of the Sun) in San Antonio, Stephen F. Austin in Nacogdoches, Texas A & M in College Station, Texas Christian in Fort Worth, Texas Tech in Lubbock, the University of Texas at Arlington and Austin, North Texas State in Denton, Pan American in Edinburgh, Southern Methodist in Dallas, Texas A & I in Kingsville and LeTourneau Tech in Longview. Sixteen teams in all.

This year's national championship finals of the NCAA will be played in Miami, Florida, between December 28 and 30. The final will be played in the famous Orange Bowl, obviously with the intention of attracting some of the college fans coming to the Miami area for the traditional New Year's Day college football game.

While today it is generally acknowledged by all those people who wish to see soccer become a major part of the sports scene in the United States, that the future of the game lies with the colleges (and of course with a strong professional league minus ethnic connections) there are many areas of the college game that will have to be improved before this goal can be reached.

Standard

Foremost among these are an improvement in the general standard of coaching, a greater accent on the development of American players instead of on the use of foreign players attending American universities on scholarships (perhaps three non-Americans per team), the extension of the season to where the teams play at least 25 games instead of the present average of ten in the short Fall season and more games against foreign universities.

Soccer is indeed fortunate in the United States in that in the years ahead, the challenging years, college soccer already has such outstanding administrators and coaches as Dr. McKeon and Dr. Partin, Hubert Vogelsinger, head coach at Yale, Joe Morrone, head coach at the University of Connecticut, Ron Griffith, coach at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Al Miller at Hartwick College, Julius Menendez (San Jose State), Bob Guelker (Southern Illinois) and Harry Keough, the St. Louis coach who has led his team to four national championships.

These gentlemen and others like them have a tremendous task ahead but with the help, understanding and knowledge of the soccer world they can succeed.

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WELSH NEWS

By PETER JACKSON

Powell hopes to regain place soon

THREE years ago Dave Powell stood alone as the best young footballer in Wales, a belief clearly confirmed by his instant success from tough international baptisms against West Germany and Italy. Now the same player, through no fault of his own, has spent 11 long months out of the Welsh side.

It could be argued that Powell, afflicted by injury since last March, is in danger of becoming the forgotten man of Welsh football. For even when he returns to match fitness he will find a surprising intensity of competition to regain his place in the middle of the back four.

Wales has no shortage of defensive players. When Powell, Mike England and Terry Hennessey missed last season's British Championship Wales still found two players to take over at the heart of their defence—John Roberts of Arsenal and Glyn James of Blackpool.

It is no exaggeration to say that they were among the few individual Welsh successes during the championship—Roberts playing for his country while still an Arsenal reserve, and James, in contrast, appearing after years of first-team service at Blackpool.

Promotion

Powell, therefore, will have quite a job to get back. And John Flynn is playing so well in Sheffield United's back four that Powell will have no easy task regaining his spot in a club side whom he helped win promotion from Division II last season.

A cartilage operation last month (September) will keep Powell out of football of any kind for some time yet. Obviously he will miss his country's European Championship date with Finland at Swansea on October 13—and the game in Czechoslovakia a fortnight later.

With the match in Bucharest against Rumania looming next month and Powell unlikely to be match-fit much before Christmas, he will almost certainly have missed eight caps since his last Welsh appearance, against Rumania at Cardiff last November.

Powell has a right to curse his luck. He has been plagued by knee trouble since his club's game against Queen's Park Rangers in London when he damaged ligaments.

The seven months which have elapsed since have come as a frustrating interruption to Powell's career which began nine years ago at Wrexham. In September 1968, shortly after his impressive début against West Germany at Ninian Park, Sheffield United bought him—for £20,000.

Powell's rapid improvement for both club and country, made the fee seem ridiculous. It is no secret that the Yorkshire club could have sold their wiry Welsh wing-half for at least four times the amount they invested in him.

In no game did he underline his worth more clearly than for Wales against Italy in a World Cup preliminary three years ago. Chosen at centre-half after one of those team crises which always threatens to paralyse Wales before an international, Powell so outplayed Pietro Anastasi that the Italian was substituted at half-time by Sandro Mazzola.

Anastasi is the player who cost Juventus £440,000. Powell showed him scant respect and Wales will welcome him back fit and well after such a long absence from the international fold. But when will he be ready?

Evidence

Swansea City, off to their best start for many years, have unearthed a pair of teenagers ready to break into League football and so produce further evidence that the popular theory of Wales breeding good rugby players and no more is purely a myth.

Both David Davies and Alan Curtis are from the Rhondda Valley, home of many a Welsh sporting idol. Davies, like others from the Rhondda before him, will go into the record book should he play in Swansea's Third Division side before December 14.

He has until then to become the youngest player to appear in a League match in the history of the Football League. The record under fire is that belonging to Albert Geldard.

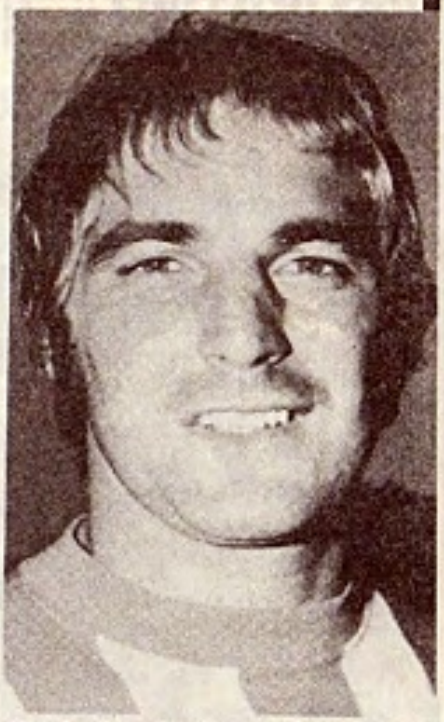
Appearances

In September 1929, when young Geldard appeared for Bradford against Millwall, he was 15 years 156 days old. Davies, 15 in July, made one of his first Combination appearances against West Ham where Swansea's boy striker played against £80,000 former England Under-23 centre-half Alan Stephenson.

"Davies is one of the youngsters on which the future success of Swansea City is being built," says manager Roy Bentley. "He is an outstanding prospect."

Swansea's second starlet is Alan Curtis, a midfield player with rich football blood in his veins. His uncle was Roy Paul, wing-half star of Swansea, Manchester City and Wales.

Curtis, a young 17-year-old grammar schoolboy, rifled a hat-trick for Swansea's reserve side against Bournemouth reserves last month (September).



Ron Davies, missed the early part of the season through injury, but the Welsh international hoped to return in time for his country's first fixture of the season.

New attempt to purify soccer

Australian News by ANDREW DETTRE

ALL names, colours, banners and emblems connecting Sydney clubs with foreign countries are likely to fall victim of a new wave aimed at cleaning up the game in Australia's premier soccer city. Three disturbances, caused by either over-passionate or ultra-nationalistic spectators, have once again dragged this old problem out of the mothballs. Now the feeling is that nothing but a very thorough and drastic administrative measure can salvage the game's image, badly blackened by some mini-wars, often based on irredentist feelings dating back decades.

It's a pity, really, but possibly the only way out of a terrible impasse. Names such as Hakoah, Pan Hellenic, Croatia, Budapest, etc., are harmless enough on their own, so are some of the club colours, flag and emblems. But when one or two are used as a platform from which to launch campaigns, leading to crowd violence, it's best perhaps to do away with the platform.

Now, in the process of cleaning up, the innocents will suffer with the guilty; clubs that have unblemished records will pay for the occasional lunacy of others. Collective guilt has been pronounced and from now on it's only a question of time and method before some of these colourful club names will disappear and be replaced by the extraordinarily dull and mundane Norths, Souths, Wests, United, Rovers, Rangers, etc.

Meanwhile, the Sydney season ended in a close finish with Hakoah, coached by ex-Sunderland forward Charlie Fleming, once again just getting their nose ahead of St. George-Budapest, finishing a close second for the third successive year. St. George are decidedly unlucky; just when they look poised to get to the very top, a mishap or a sudden bad spell ruins their hopes.

This year it was probably the cartilage and ligament injury of their brilliant captain, John Warren, that made the difference between first and second placing. I wonder what the hard luck story will be next year.

Hakoah finished the season undefeated in 22 matches—the first time this has happened in more than 20 years here. Their powerful and well-balanced team had some narrow escapes but, in those crucial moments, somehow always rose to the task. They, too, had some hard luck stories to tell: a few weeks ago their little Scottish midfielder Ray Gardiner broke his arm and their brilliant Brazilian left-winger Hector Silva fractured his leg, all in the same match that wasn't even particularly rough or brutal.

There is renewed talk of a combined Sydney-Melbourne League, mooted to start in 1973. The Melbourne clubs, most of them in deep financial trouble, look towards Sydney as their only hope of survival; the wooing is continuous and full of ardour. However, Sydney clubs are wondering just what they would gain from such a wedlock, undoubtedly a mesalliance.

Nobody doubts that the Sydney championship could do with a bit of revitalisation; things tend to become stale and stagnant. However, whatever problems Sydney clubs have their Melbourne counterparts have it tenfold and an unholy union between two strugglers is most unlikely to produce a sturdy infant.

On the international front, a more realistic appraisal of Australia's position and future is the welcome news. After five years of bluebird hunting, most leading Australian officials are prepared to admit that the ill-designed and totally comatose Oceania Confederation, brought about at the FIFA Congress in 1966, is even less than a mirage.

Oceania—our most humble answer to UEFA—has four members: Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and Papua-New Guinea, who are planning to meet this year in their very first tournament. Meanwhile, the much bigger and more populous Asian Confederation is bounding ahead with regular tourneys and frequent contact among the 30-odd members.

There is a chance that soon Australia will propose to FIFA the disbanding of the Oceania Confederation and its automatic melting into Asia. Should this come about—and I honestly cannot see any alternative—soccer in this country would get a new boost on a higher elevation.

Whether the Asians will accept or welcome Australia and New Zealand is a different tsory. But they may have to. These two countries are perennially drawn together with Asians in World Cup groups; Australia's future—political, economical and even sporting—is linked to Asia.

Hectic moment in the Sydney "derby" between St. George and Hakoah. The match ended 1–1. From left to right: Marnoch (Hakoah), Alston (St. George), Watkiss (Hakoah, obscured), Yardley (Hakoah), Schaeffer and Hamilton (St. George).

Welcome to the new code

BY ERIC BATTY

As one who has campaigned for years for a clean-up in English football aimed at outlawing the cloggers and hatchet-men I welcome and applaud the joint FA Football League bid to restore the rule of law and re-introduce at least some semblance of sportsmanship to a game that has become increasingly a business. This new broom, wielded by the referees at the insistence of the ruling bodies, is probably England's last chance to join the bulk of the soccer playing world with whom English clubs have ever-increasing contact.

It is, I feel, a *last chance* because if this clean-up bid should fail it could be at least a generation before anyone in authority would be able to muster both the courage and support for a second attempt.

The re-appraisal has met with a very mixed reception on all sides with players, club officials and Fleet Street opinion being divided as never before. While many people within the game recognise that a move such as this was long overdue, some who should know better are not only against what the authorities are attempting to do but are trying to use as an excuse and an argument for abandoning the campaign—the fact that no warning was given to anyone before the get-tough policy was implemented.

As with most things there are two ways of looking at this particular point. If I must confess that advance publicity would have been diplomatic on the part of the ruling bodies and would also have deprived the critics of one of their biggest arguing points against the clean-up, I am convinced that IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IGNORED!

If the authorities had announced their plans seven days before the opening of the league programme in the form of a circular letter to clubs, players and their Professional Association I am sure it would not have been taken seriously. Certainly it would never have had the impact achieved by more than 300 cautions and a surprisingly small number of players sent off in the first three weeks of the season. Proof of this may be judged from the numbers of players still being cautioned three weeks after the first spate of "bookings" had made it clear that at long last the much-needed clean-up was being undertaken.

Circular letter

If three weeks notice and tremendous publicity failed to get the new message across to the players then what, I ask, would have been the result of a polite (if firm) circular letter, telling everyone what was ahead, distributed say seven days before the first competitive ball (or player) had been kicked?

Having made my personal position quite clear in the past and re-affirming now that I am in favour of eliminating not physical contact or vigorous, aggressive tackling but the *impossible tackle* from behind (which of necessity involves kicking *through* the heels, feet, ankles, calves, thights or another part of an opponent's body) in order to get at the ball. We in Britain have referred to this blatant foul-play as "getting stuck in", a phrase that has been used over the years to describe all manner of illegal tackles aimed at preventing skilful ball players (both British and foreign) from expressing their talents.

I am very far from being alone on this point, for quite apart from several million non-British players, referees and fans around the world there are widely respected men within the English game whose views on this point seem very close to my own. Harry Catterick, the manager of Everton, said recently in my presence when quizzed about the "campaign" and in particular the "tackle" from behind: "It has never been ON, this campaign can only do good."

Ron Greenwood, West Ham manager and a member of the FIFA Technical Committee at the 1966 and 1970 World Cups, told me a long time ago: "British players generally cannot see the *difference* between the ball they can win and the ball that cannot be won by a fair tackle."

With regard to club officials who have spoken out against the clean-up my personal feeling is that the vast majority of those "against" come from clubs that do not have sufficient creative, skilful players. They recognise that if *getting stuck in* and all the abuses this euphemism represents are stamped out, then they cannot possibly be successful (or maybe even avoid relegation) without the prompt expenditure of a great deal of money on new players. Self interest (perfectly understandable) is, I suggest, the prime motive of this category of critic.

There are just two points I will mention now but will go more fully into the referee question next month. First, as I understand the referees new instructions, they are under orders to caution players who deliberately handle the ball (a) to prevent a goal, and (b) to prevent a telling pass from reaching an opponent. This I feel is *wrong* for there is a finer distinction to be drawn on handling the ball.

If the offence is committed inside the penalty area then a penalty kick should be punishment enough; handling on the half-way line to prevent a clear break-through brings only a free-kick which will probably come to nothing and therefore a caution will help tip the scales in favour of justice.

The other point concerns Law 18 (the unwritten one relating to common sense). It seems that referees *must* caution a player every time they get their book out, while I believe that pretending to "book" a couple of players early on could often be enough to make everyone observe the laws.

But overall I am convinced that the clean-up must be pressed home. It is the greatest boost for English football in many years. More important than the lifting of the maximum wage and of greater importance (by far) than winning the World Cup.

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SWISS AIM FOR SANITY

SWITZERLAND may well be pointing the way to sanity in professional football. The recently introduced charter of maximum wages and the new limits on transfer fees, could—among other changes in legislation—be the first steps toward a more realistic assessment of the value of footballers, together with a sensible and balanced scale of players' salaries. The results of these measures now applied in the Swiss National League, should be carefully studied, especially in countries like Italy, West Germany and England, where the majority of clubs are deeply in debt and are not paying their way.

Most of the clubs are struggling and often being held to ransom by greedy and unscrupulous stars, most of whom demand maximum rewards for a minimum of effort. Under the new agreements Swiss players will have their pay cut by up to 40 per cent!

The new regulations are as follows:

All transfer fees for players changing clubs in the First Division have been limited to a maximum of £20,000, whilst those in the Second Division now have a ceiling of £4,000. All League players will be divided into three groups with different salary scales, according to their standards of performance. The top bracket will for instance include internationals and those with special merits, like club loyalty or length of service.

The maximum pay for a player must not, however, exceed £4,000 a year, including basic salary, signing-on fees and bonuses. There will only be an additional reward payable by the club for upwards of 32 championship points but this must not total more than £80. Bonuses for League title or Cup final wins should not exceed £500. Special rewards like for winning matches in European Cup competitions or internationals are not included in these figures.

Bonuses

The existing contracts will, of course, be honoured until they expire, whilst *foreign players are exempt from these restrictions*. Signing-on bonuses cannot exceed ten per cent of the transfer fee, and may be payable within a two-year period, but there will be no similar payoff for a one-year transfer. A special commission of the FA is to supervise all financial arrangements between the players and their clubs. A breach of these regulations could be punishable with suspensions of up to two years and also with deduction of league points. It is intended to retain the new system for a period of five years, as a start.

The National League together with the majority of club chairmen seem determined to enforce these laws rigorously. Thus ends the era of over-generous rewards which have driven most clubs to the brink of financial ruin. Perhaps the clubs themselves are at last waking up to realities of life. For it is grotesque to find that men who earn twice as much playing soccer than working in their respective professions, spent three times less of their active hours with the clubs than with their ordinary employers!

Naturally, one must reserve judgement on the practicability of this scheme until it is ascertained that: (a) the clubs will really and honestly respect the new limits without resorting to under-the-counter payments or similar remuneration through the employers, but in fact paid by the clubs without consent of the authorities; (b) whether the control and disciplinary committees have enough power to enforce the new laws and if they will insist on the strict punishment; (c) if there are no complaints that moderately skilled foreigners are pocketing more money than the top Swiss stars, and finally (d) whether the leading home-bred players will not seek their fortunes abroad!

Striker problem affects Standard

THE new campaign in Belgium began with the first round of the FA Cup, and in the last 32 are no fewer than 15 teams from Division I and 13 from Division II. Clearly the Cup has finally gained some prestige. The only shock of the first round was the failure of one of the old-established *prestigiono* clubs, Royal FC Liege, who went out to Third Division Lokeren—who have former Anderlecht star Joseph Jurion as player-manager.

In Spain, pre-season champions Standard-Liege fared poorly in the Juan Gamper tournament in Barcelona, drawing (0-0) v. Dynamo Moscow and 1-1 against Hungary's Vasas Budapest. The only goal in Spain was scored by Tommy Svensson, one of the two new signings from Sweden, but neither he nor centre-forward Johansson looks likely to fulfil the critical striker role.

Three years in a row Standard have parted company with their leading scorer—Roger Claessen; Antal Nagy (former Honved winger) and now Erwin Kostedde. This it seems likely could lead to the end of Standard's run as top dogs and loss of manager Rene Hauss' magician title.

Anderlecht, the most successful post-war club, looks like the chief rivals, having spent a fortune on new signings, but FC Bruges (two more Dutch stars—Rijnders from Ajax and Veenstra from PSV Eindhoven) will be close. So, too, might RFC Antwerp up last season and nearly relegated, who have acquired three new foreign caps: Dan Coe (Rumania), Ove Eklund (Sweden) and Karl Kodat (Austria).

Neill faces stiff task as manager

I AM, I confess, uneasy for the recently-appointed manager of Northern Ireland. He's Hull City player-manager Terry Neill, at 29 the youngest-ever manager of an international side as well as the youngest-ever Football League boss, and my immediate reaction on hearing of his appointment was: "How on earth will he cope?"

Neill, who began his remarkable career with Irish League club Bangor and earned his 45 caps as an Arsenal player, is nothing if not ambitious but must now face even greater pressures as he drives Hull towards the First Division and Northern Ireland to European Championship and World Cup glory.

One has only to look at his current position—player and manager of Hull, manager and potential player of Northern Ireland—to realise just how ambitious Neill is. Yet it is this very drive which could be his undoing, for just how much is one man capable of taking on and mastering successfully?

That he considers himself still capable of playing for the national team is obvious—he has said so himself. Yet Neill faces a dilemma for how can he possibly justify competing against the best pivot in the home countries, Blackburn Rovers Alan Hunter? Unless Hunter is injured, or one of his defensive colleagues is injured, Neill must come to terms with the fact that he is no longer an automatic choice for the side. He has, anyway, enough on his plate being manager.

Record

Neill replaces Billy Bingham, who was appointed manager of the Greek national side in August at a reported £10,000 a year fee for two years. Already Bingham is in Athens planning tactics for the European Championship game against England—an ironic turn-up considering the fright Sir Alf Ramsey's boys got when they were decidedly lucky to scrape through against Northern Ireland in the recent British Championship game—but I cannot let his passing go without comment.

Bingham had his problems and on paper his record as manager of Northern Ireland was anything but good. Yet he managed to bring order and method and several excellent youngsters to the team. He has, in short, put down strong foundations for Terry Neill. Terry will have a lot of pressure, but I'm certain he, being a professional to the bone, will cope very well.

Incidentally, he's only the fourth manager Northern Ireland have had. He follows Peter Doherty (who took the famous Blanchflower side to the World Cup finals, indeed quarter-finals, in Sweden in 1958), Bertie Peacock and Bingham. Good luck to him!

The appointment of Neill was the third major managerial appointment in the new season. Jimmy Hill, who was sacked during the summer by trouble-torn Derry City, got Bingham's job as boss of Linfield, and former Irish international full-back and Newcastle United star Alf McMichael moved into the Bangor job after the sad death of Charlie Tully.

Terry Neill manager of Hull City and now player-manager of the Irish team.

On the domestic front it has been a disaster of a start—and for one club, Distillery, the oldest professional side in Ireland, it was ten times so. Committed to a Cup Winners Cup tie against Barcelona they have played all their games as exiles after a fire had destroyed their Grosvenor Park headquarters and louts had robbed them of every single item of training and playing gear.

As I write they are still homeless, still desperately trying to settle in a ground of their own. Their recent experiences at Grosvenor, on the edge of one of Belfast's trouble areas, were anything but happy and last season the civil authorities, in an attempt to clamp down on possible incidents, made them play a number of games at other venues.

It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that the Whites still manage to play some of the best football going. But the harsh reality of their situation has forced them into considering selling several key players. As I write Preston North End are interested in talented, teenage inside-forward Martin O'Neill. Other players likely to figure in transfer news before long are goalkeeper Roy McDonald and half-back Martin Donnelly.

The season, which opened with the Ulster Cup competition, got off to a delayed start. All the fixtures for the first day, August 14, were called off after two weeks of riots throughout Northern Ireland and for two weeks after all games in Belfast were banned, with others in the country centres being considered "as they came".

Programme

Hardest hit club was Derry City, whose Brandywell Park is in the infamous Bogside. Clubs are, not surprisingly, reluctant to go there and when the first club to be given the all clear, Cliftonville, had a mini player revolt—they eventually travelled with only a handful of senior players and the rest reserves—many people considered it high time Derry City moved permanently from Brandywell to a safer spot so that the programme could get under way properly.

It is interesting to note that in places like Bangor there is every indication that the fans will still turn out to watch good football. Bangor, in particular, has been attracting some quite encouraging gates unlike the city clubs who find that, whatever the standard of play, fans don't seem keen on watching.

STOP PRESS: Shock news for the Irish League as two managers resign on the same night. Glentoran boss Peter McParland, who has been at the Oval for two seasons, and Ballymena United's Alex McCrae, who has been with the club for about the same period, both dropped their bombshell news after weekend defeats in the Ulster Cup.

POST-WAR SURVEY West Germany by ERIC BATTY

FRANCE

	Champions	P	W	D	L	FA	P
1945-46	Lille OSC	34	19	7	8	89.44	45
1946-47	C.O. Roubaix	38	24	5	9	71.47	53
1947-48	Olympique Marseille	34	20	8	6	83.43	48
1948-49	Reims	34	22	4	8	90.54	48
1949-50	Bordeaux	34	21	9	4	88.40	51
1950-51	OGC Nice	34	18	5	11	73.46	41
1951-52	OGC Nice	34	21	4	9	65.42	46
1952-53	Reims	34	22	4	8	86.36	48
1953-54	Lille OSC	34	17	13	4	49.22	47
1954-55	Reims	34	19	6	9	78.53	44
1955-56	OGC Nice	34	18	7	9	60.43	43
1956-57	AS St. Etienne	34	20	9	5	88.45	49
1957-58	Reims	34	22	4	8	89.42	48
1958-59	OGC Nice	38	24	8	6	80.38	56
1959-60	Reims	38	26	8	4	109.46	60
1960-61	AS Monaco	38	26	5	7	77.42	57
1961-62	Reims	38	21	6	11	83.60	48
1962-63	AS Monaco	38	20	10	8	77.44	50
1963-64	AS St. Etienne	34	18	8	8	71.48	44
1964-65	FC Nantes	34	16	11	7	66.45	43
1965-66	FC Nantes	38	26	8	4	84.36	60
1966-67	AS St. Etienne	38	24	6	8	82.37	54
1967-68	AS St. Etienne	38	24	9	5	78.30	57
1968-69	AS St. Etienne	34	24	5	5	70.26	53
1969-70	AS St. Etienne	34	25	6	3	88.30	56
1970-71	Olympique Marseille	38	23	9	6	94.48	55

TOP GOALSCORERS

Bihel (Lille OSC)	28
Sinibaldi (P) Reims)	33
Baratte (Lille OSC)	31
Baratte (Lille OSC)	26
Humpal (Sochaux)	26
Grumellon (Rennes FC)	25
Piantoni (Nancy FC)	28
Andersson (01. Marseille)	31
Andersson (01. Marseille)	35
Kargu (Bordeaux)	27
Bliard (Reims)	30
Cisowski (Racing Paris)	31
Cisowski (Racing Paris)	33
Fontaine (Reims)	34
Cisowski (Racing Paris)	30
Fontaine (Reims)	28
Piantoni (Reims)	28
Sekou (Montpellier)	25
Masnaghetti (Valenciennes)	35
Oudjani (Racing Lens)	30
Simon (FC Nantes)	24
Gondet (FC Nantes)	36
Revelli (AS St. Etienne)	31
Sansonetti (Ajaccio)	26
Guy (Olympique Lyon)	25
Revelli (AS St. Etienne)	28
Skoblar (01. Marseille)	44

TOTAL SUCCESSES TO DATE:
LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Reims, AS St. Etienne 6; OGC Nice 4; Olympique Marseille 3; Lille OSC, Sete, FC Nantes, AS Monaco Sochaux, 2; Racing Club de Paris, C.O. Roubaix, Bordeaux, 1.

FA CUP WINNERS

Olympique Marseille 7; Racing Club de Paris, Red Star, Lille OSC, 5; AS St. Etienne 3; Racing Strasbourg, Rennes FC, Reims, OGC Nice, Sete, Sedan, C.A.S.G., Olympique Lyon, AS Monaco, 2; Olympique (Paris), CA Paris, Montpellier, Club Francais, AS Cannes, Excelsior (Roubaix), Sochaux, Bordeaux, Nancy FC, Toulouse, Le Havre FC, 1.

BATTE OUTSTA

WHAT Herbert Chapman did for the Arsenal and English football, Albert Batteux has done for the game in France. Without doubt he is the outstanding figure in the development of the French post-war game and in addition to his enormous contributions at club level it was he who coached the French national XI to an unexpected and unforgettable third place in the 1958 World Cup.

As a player Albert Batteux was a one-club man. Born in Reims in 1919 he joined Stade de Reims in 1937 who at the time were unknown amateurs. Developing through the war years Reims were granted a place in the top class when football was reorganised after the war and in 1949 with Batteux at inside-right and captain they won the championship for the first time. Before he retired in 1953 Batteux had added an FA Cup Winners medal (1950) and another championship medal (1952–53) to the eight full caps he had earned and immediately on hanging up his boots he took over the club's *entraineur*—manager-coach.

Peak achievement

It Batteux had made a vital contribution to Reims' climb from obscurity to fame as a player, his career as a coach was to earn him world-wide recognition. Under his guidance Reims went on to win the championship four times and the French FA Cup once. In addition he also took Reims to two European Cup Finals and it was unfortunate indeed that Reims' best years coincided with those of the great Real Madrid who beat them on both occasions—4-3 in 1956 and 2-0 in 1959. 1957–58 was undoubtedly Batteux's peak achievement with Reims for in that campaign the club took the French Cup and League double and at the end of the season Batteux, with five of his Reims players in the team, took France to Sweden for the World Cup ... and third place.

FA CUP FINALS

Lille OSC	4	Red Star	2
Lille OSC	2	Racing Strasbourg	0
Lille OSC	3	Racing Lens	2
Racing Club de Paris	5	Lille OSC	2
Reims	2	Racing Club de Paris	0
Racing Strasbourg	3	Valenciennes	0
OGC Nice	5	Bordeaux	3
Lille OSC	2	Nancy FC	1
OGC Nice	2	Olympique Marseille	1
Lille OSC	5	Bordeaux	2
Sedan	3	Troyes	1
Toulouse	6	SCO Angers	3
Reims	3	Olympique Nimes	1
Le Havre FC	3	Sochaux	0*
AS Monaco	4	AS St. Etienne	2
Sedan	3	Olympique Nimes	1
AS St. Etienne	1	Nancy FC	0
AS Monaco	2	Olympique Lyon	0**
Olympique Lyon	2	Bordeaux	0
Rennes FC	3	Sedan	1*
Racing Strasbourg	1	FC Nantes	0
Olympique Lyon	3	Sochaux	1
AS St. Etienne	2	Bordeaux	1
Olympique Marseille	2	Bordeaux	0
AS St. Etienne	5	FC Nantes	0
Rennes FC	1	Olympique Lyon	0

Notes: *Replay after 2-2 draw. **Replay after 0-0 draw

TEUX IS TANDING

After 26 unbroken years as player and then coach with Reims, the club finally decided to dispense with his services in the spring of 1963—as an economy measure. Nine months later, with seven full internationals in their team, Reims were relegated to Division II but Batteux, who could almost have chosen his own club and named his own terms had he elected to go abroad, preferred to remain in France.

The task he set himself then with Second Division Grenoble proved to be an impossible one. An unfashionable club, lacking both financial resources and players, Grenoble offers some superb mountain scenery but little else and in the summer of 1967 Batteux accepted an offer to take over the Association Sportive St. Etienne. In 1966-67 Jean Snella had led St. Etienne to the championship and then deciding to accept an offer from Switzerland he recommended that the club should engage Batteux, under whom Snella had worked as assistant coach with the French national team in 1958.

Beliefs in skill

With St. Etienne, M. Batteux continued to work according to his beliefs in skill, *le jeu collectif* and goals. Developing the team built by Snella, Albert Batteux took St. Etienne to a glorious Cup and League double in his first season, 1967-68, won the championship again the following year and in 1969-70 took another double.

In the spring of 1971, with St. Etienne top of the league once more (and a game in hand over Marseille, their closest challengers) the Carnus-Bosquier affair blew up. With their contracts due to expire at the end of the season they both signed "options" for Olympique Marseille and the St. Etienne chairman, much upset, retaliated by suspending them both for the rest of the season. From that moment on St. Etienne's target — their fifth successive championship — hung in the balance and they finally failed by four points.

The record of Albert Batteux would be impressive enough in any circumstances but what the figures do not show cannot be emphasised enough. Everything that Batteux has achieved has been based on quality—skill, attractive soccer and goals—proving that soccer as an entertainment, and as an art form, can still be equated with success.

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WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER
by
Arthur Rotmil

DUST SETTL
BRIBERY S

NO sooner had the German Football Federation (DFB) cleared up the big bribery scandal provoked by Kickers Offenbach, when further cases of corruptive dealings had hit the headlines with startling suddenness. First came a "postscript" to the Offenbach bribery affair which was settled with a one-year suspension for the international forward Lothar Ulsass 30, of Eintracht Brunswick. He was found guilty of merely "contemplating" the offer of a £1,700-win bonus from Offenbach for Eintracht's victory over relegation candidates Rot-weiss Oberhausen. There were, however, mitigating circumstances for Ulsass apparently remained passive throughout the negotiations which were conducted by his business friend Lutz Lamers. He was the man who received the money but paid it back when the relevant game ended with a 1-1 draw!

But this was just a mild infringement as compared with the astonishing confession of two members of VfB Stuttgart. Hans Arnold and Hartmut Weiss have in affect admitted receiving money for the 0-1 defeat of their club against Arminia Bielefeld on May 29. The player, Jürgen Neumann, who has since left Arminia, acted as a go-between and paid £5,400 which was shared by Arnold and Weiss as well as Hans Eisele. But this "third man" has now joined the Austrian club Alpine-Donawitz, and whilst protesting his innocence he flatly refuses to return to Germany for questioning!

While this is the first instance of players admitting to taking cash for losing a match, the club Arminia Bielefeld are already accused for the second time of paying bribes. In the previous case there were rumours that they rewarded Hertha Berlin's captainTasso Wild (he has been suspended for life) with £8,800 for the 1-0 win on the last day of the season, which saved Arminia from relegation.

While the DFB began to sort out this latest bundle of trouble, the 18 *Bundesliga* clubs tackled their preparations for the start of the new championship campaign on August 14. When the customary off - season transfer period expired on June 30, a total of 123 players had left and 122 had joined new colours. Here are the most important moves:

WOLFGANG OVERATH

Arrivals

Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach: Arrivals —Wittkamp (ex-Schalke). Departures—Dietrich, Laumen (both to Bremen), and Köppel (to Stuttgart).

Hertha Berlin: Arrivals — Beer (Rotweiss Essen). Departures—Brungs (Nürnberg).

Bayern Munich: Arrivals — Krauthausen (Rotweiss Oberhausen). Departures—Brenninger (Young Boys Berne—Switzerland), Mrosko (Nürnberg), Kupferschmidt (Sturm Graz—Austria) and Pumm (Alpina Donawitz—Austria).

Schalke: Arrivals—Braun (Union Luxembourg). Departures—Pirkner (Alpina Donawitz), Wittkamp (Bor. M-Gladbach), Pohlschmidt (ends career).

Hamburger SV: Arrivals — Björnmose (Werder Bremen), Volkert (FC Zürich). Departures—Hans Schulz (Fortuna Düsseldorf).

VfL Bochum: Arrivals — Wosab (Borussia Dortmund).

Werder Bremen: Arrivals — Dietrich, Laumen (both Bor. M-Gladbach), Weist, Neuberger (both Bor. Dortmund). Departures — Björnmose (Hamburger SV), Lorenz (Rapid Vienna).

Cologne: Departures — Parits (Eintracht Frankfurt), Soskic (OFK Belgrade) and Manglitz (end of contract—suspended for life).

VfB Stuttgart: Arrivals — Ettmayer (Wacker Innsbruck), Köppel (Bor. M-

TLES AFTER
Y STORM

Gladbach), Skoric (Olimpija Ljubljana). Departures — Olsson (GAIS Goetaborg), Eisele (Alpina Donawitz), Martin (Linzer ASK), Weiss (Kickers Stuttgart).

Eintracht Frankfurt: Arrivals—Konca (Eskisehir — Turkey), Parits (Cologne).

Borussia Dortmund: Departures — Held (Kickers Offenbach), Paul (becomes coach to SV Olsberg-Bigge), Wosab (Bochum), Weist (Bremen).

The list of new managers includes Ivica Horvath (Schalke—Yugoslav) and Guyla Lorant (Cologne—Hungary).

Interesting to note that the chief culprit in the bribery case, Manfred Manglitz, has played more Bundesliga matches than any other man. From 1963 till 1969 he was the goalkeeper of MSV Duisburg before joining FC Cologne. Out of a possible 264 games, he missed only seven.

Following his life-ban this record will soon be beaten for next in line are jointly Overath (Cologne) and the oldest performer in the League, the 36-year-old Piko Schütz (Bremen) with 238 matches each. They are followed by Knack (Eintracht Brunswick) 237; Brungs (Dortmund, Nürnberg and Hertha) 235; Lorenz (Bremen and Brunswick) and Heidemann (Duisburg) each 233; Ferner (Bremen, Essen) 231; Kurrat (Dortmund), Kurbjuhn (Hamburger SV) each 230; Bernard (Bremen) 226; Hemmersbach (Cologne) 221; G. Dörfel (Hamburger SV) 220; Libuda (Dortmund and Schalke) and Weber (Cologne) each 219.

Licensed

Out of the 321 licensed players, who with 16 clubs began in the *Bundesliga* on August 24, 1963, there are for this, the ninth season, only 33 left. Half of them are in fact still with the same club, which considering the transfer movements and enormous signing-on bonuses is quite remarkable.

Players like Uwe Seeler and Gert Dörfel (both Hamburg), Horst Wolter (Brunswick), Hartmut Heidemann (Duisburg) or "Hoppy" Kurrat (Dortmund), have remained with their clubs since schooldays.

Here are the better known members of the "iron guard", who have played in the Bundesliga since its inception eight years ago—**Cologne:** Weber (aged 27), Hemmersbach (29), Overath (27) and Thielen (31). **Brunswick:** Wolter (29), Bäse (31), Kaack (30) and Gerwien (30). **Hamburger SV:** Seeler (33), G. Dörfel (31) and Kurbjuhn (31). **Bremen:** Bernard (30), Piontek (31) and Schütz (36). **Dortmund:** Kurrat (29). **MSV Duisburg:** Heidemann (30). **Eintracht Frankfurt:** Schämer (31). **VfB Stuttgart:** Arnold (29).

Only 15 foreign players are now still engaged in the *Bundesliga*, namely: the Austrians Hans Ettmayer (VfB Stuttgart) and Thomas Parits (Frankfurt); the Danes Johnny Hansen (Bayern Munich), Ole Björnmose (Hamburg) and Ulrik Le Fevre (Borussia M-Gladbach); the Yugoslavs Zlatko Skoric (VfB Stuttgart), Djordje Puvlic (Duisburg), Branco Rasovic (Dortmund) and Idriz Hosic (Kaiserslautern); the Turks Ender Konca (Frankfurt) and Arcoe Ozcan (Hamburg); the Hungarian Zoltan Varga (Hertha); the Rumanian Laszlo Ghergeli (Hertha); the Dutchman Heinz van Haaren (Schalke) and the Luxembourger Nicolas Braun (Schalke).

Qualification

The three foreign managers are the Yugoslavs Branco Zebec (VfB Stuttgart) and Ivica Horvath (Schalke), plus the Hungarian Guyla Lorant (Cologne).

For the national side this promises to be the most important season of competitive preparation for the 1974 World Cup, which will be staged here, and therefore the Germans need not worry about qualification. Consequently the European Nations Championship offers the ideal, in fact the only opportunity to create a powerful team worthy of repeating the World Cup triumph of 1954. The title of champions of Europe would give the Germans a tremendous psychological boost and could lay the basis for victory in '74.

That is why manager Helmut Schön is determined to clinch the qualifying group in the remaining tough fixtures against Poland in October and November. The Scandinavian tour confirmed the latest policy of forming blocks, based on one or two clubs. When Netzer is picked in the role of a midfield general, then Schön will surround him with team-mates like Wimmer and Heynckes, or possibly even his former club colleague Laumen.

On the champions from Gladbach and the cup winners Bayern, the national side will lean heavily for its foundation. Two Bayern defenders who emerged full of promise on tour were Schwarzenbeck and Breitner, not forgetting such stalwarts as Fichtel, Höttges and Bella who stayed behind!

REINHARD LIBUDA

On the wings Grabowski, the fighter, remains No. 1, while Held now out of the Bundesliga (he returned to Offenbach), is still in the reckoning for the left-wing spot. Up front, however, a striker is needed to take some weight and marking men(!) off Müller.

In addition to Gerd, the most lethal centre-forward in the world, the side also boast such world class players as Vogts, Weber, Beckenbauer, Overath and Netzer. There must be many national managers who would gladly accept the problems which Helmut Schön claims to have! Of course a major obstacle to winning the Nations Championship could be that, when the last four are known, West Germany will not be allocated the final rounds because they are already due to organise the World Cup two years later.

Programme

Here is the full programme of the national team for this season: October 10, in Warsaw, v. Poland (ENC); November 17, at Hamburg, v. Poland (ENC); March 29, v. Hungary, away; April 29, v. Switzerland, at home, or a quarter-final of the ENC. May 24, in Munich, v. Russia (opening of the Olympic stadium). June 14-18, possibly in the final rounds of the European Championship.

At the start of the domestic campaign there was naturally widespread apprehension about the likely effect of the corruption affairs on the general public. But such is the pulling power of this game of football, that on the opening day a total of 245,000 fans turned out to watch the nine games, for a healthy average of 27,200 per match.

Another crop of annuals

by JACK ROLLIN

THIS autumn appears to have produced another great crop of annuals, many of which are now hardy volumes not only in their binding. Pride of place for no other reason than longevity must go to **The Scottish Football Book No. 17** at 90p from the **Stanley Paul** stable and edited by **Hugh Taylor.** It has the usual well catered for photographic content and the articles include one by Alistair Donaldson, Dundee's goalkeeper, on The Keeper's Nightmare. Donaldson is currently at odds with his club and wanting to join the police. Ah the joys of printing early....

Favourite

Stanley Paul also field the **Book of Soccer No. 14,** edited by **Bobby Moore,** another favourite, with articles from George Best, Malcolm Macdonald, Rodney Marsh and Bobby Moncur, among others. This one sells at £1.

One of the features of the **Kaye and Ward** effort **Soccer, The International Way 1972,** is a compile-your-own-fixture-list supplement. Full marks for this innovation which must help to swell the numbers who wish to purchase it at 95p. It is edited by Gordon Jeffery and has rather more reading than pictures.

For 80p the **Boys Book of Soccer 1972, Evans Brothers,** edited by **Dennis Smith,** produces articles by soccer historian Maurice Golesworthy as well as players Alan Mullery, Bryan Robson, Larry Lloyd and David Sadler.

And even if Celtic and Rangers find themselves at different ends of the Scottish League their books are keeping closer together. **Playing for Rangers No. 3** edited by **Ken Gallacher, Stanley Paul,** £1, vies for popularity with **Playing for Celtic No. 3** edited by **Rodger Baillie, Stanley Paul,** £1. Probably only the non-committed English will be tempted to buy both—and why not?

English clubs are also featured themselves in their own annuals. **The Tottenham Hotspur Football Book No. 5** edited by **Peter Smith** and published by **Stanley Paul,** £1.10, is just one year—in date—behind **The Manchester United Football Book No. 6,** edited by **David Meek** from the same stable and for the same price. Both have interests outside the main preserve of their own clubs' fans.

Affection

The same principle applies to the **Manchester City Football Book No. 3** edited by **Peter Gardner,** Stanley Paul, £1.10, and **The Arsenal Football Book No. 3,** edited by **Reg Hayter,** again from the same source and at the same price.

All these books are well illustrated and follow the club in particular with affection. The Arsenal book recalls the "Double" triumph of course.

Chelsea's Cup Winners Cup win features prominently as one might expect in the **Chelsea Football Book No. 2,** edited by **Albert Sewell,** whose hand on statistics features in this one noticeably among the usual articles and picture content.

A foreword by Dave Mackay could act as a collector's item for the **Derby County Football Book No. 2,** edited by **George Edwards,** and another Stanley Paul hardback at £1.10.

In slightly different vein there is the **Leeds United Story** by **Jason Tomas,** from **Arthur Barker** at £1.75, which is a little bit more historical and has less of a picture content than the other annuals.

Finally we have **Playing for Everton** from **Howard Kendall,** another Barker book at £1.80. This reveals the usual story book career of an emerging star and in this case traces what seems to be the achievements of a modest character and wholehearted performer who gained early fame as a teenager in an FA Cup Final at Wembley.

Manchester United
Barson to Busby
Eric Thornton
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SPURS AGAIN
Ralph L. Finn
£1.50

Just published

ROBERT HALE

Chelsea skipper Ron Harris with the Cup Winners Cup trophy.

Riva almost back to his peak

by PHILIP EVANS

Sandro Mazzola of Inter-Milan and Italy (10) in action against Crystal Palace during an Anglo-Italian match. No. 7 of Inter is Da Costa.

IT has been an extraordinary year for the AC Milan club. They lost the league to Inter in the last few weeks of the season, after having seemed unassailably in front throughout the winter. They reached the final of the Italian Cup, only to lose to Torino on fewer converted penalties after the game itself was drawn. Two weeks later, their popular and most able president, Franco Carraro, relinquished his hold on the club to turn to other matters. And now comes the latest news, with the death of Bruno Passalacqua, the club secretary over the last 11 years.

"Secretary" is a facile description for the duties that Passalacqua and his breed have performed in Italy over the last decade. They are the men who make the backstage transfer deals, who ensure that the finances of the club are held on an even keel. For several years now the ambience at the offices of AC Milan has been the least hysterical among the more prestigious Italian clubs and much of the credit for this was due to Passalacqua's able understanding of the widest range of problems that can crop up. He was an honest, perceptive character who abhorred personal publicity and preferred to work always to the high standards he set himself. Milan will miss him terribly.

Suspicious

On the field of play the preliminaries of the Coppa Italia have served to confirm various suspicions. Riva is slowly approaching his best form, yet Cagliari seem disjointed and methodless; Fiorentina are recovering only slowly from the traumas of last season; Bologna look good; Napoli less so; Roma are all over the place and strikerless; Milan will come good very slowly; and Inter, together with Juventus, remain the team to beat.

Early reports from San Siro indicate that Milan's new centre-forward, Bigon, has settled in well, seems able to dovetail effectively with Prati. But the midfield remains terribly cluttered, with Benetti asked to play a roving role on the right wing and too eager to play as a deep-lying centre. Rocco will take comfort from the fact that his defence, when playing to its natural capability, will undoubtedly be the strongest in the Italian league this year.

Along the corridor, Inter have few problems, as yet. They will be fortunate indeed if Corso plays as well this season as he did in the last, and apropos the European Cup it is as well to remember that Corso was always the worst traveller among the Inter squad in the days of Helenio Herrera. Boninsegna has hit glorious form already, no surprise to those who have watched him develop since his return to Milan. How much more entertaining would have been the Inter of old had they possessed a centre-forward of Boninsegna's skill then.

Talented

Bologna have looked excellent in early games, but then they have always done well against less talented teams, and the Coppa Italia ensures that there is always a generous quota of Serie B dummies for the better teams to sharpen their teeth on. The fact is that Bologna's young defenders are coming into their own—Roversi, Fedele and company—and are unlikely to let much past.

Napoli seem to be uncomfortable. How they need good, young strikers. Altafini glides on, still wonderful value on a good day, but the good days become rare. And the exchange of Bianchi for Montefusco in midfield is essentially an exchange of toughness for elegance. With Juliano there to provide all the elegance any one team can afford, Bianchi's cession may yet prove costly.

Overcome by regional bigotry I tipped Fiorentina last season, and look what happened. At the risk of laying my other hand on the block, I tip them again, optimistic along the lines of the argument that lightning never strikes the same place twice. It's a team of delicate talent, capable of most exciting football. But the characters in the first three shirts look shaky, as always. A combined Bologna-Fiorentina team — now that would take a great deal of beating.

Cagliari—what can one say? Point one, and well worth making—is that the average age of the team is disarmingly high, with Cera, Greatti and Domenghini approaching pensionable age. There is the tendency for the centre of the defence to fall right apart, with Niccolai less talented at the art of marking areas than he is at that of chopping down opposing centre-forwards. And there is Riva, whose performances are so vital to Cagliari's success. A return to the form of two seasons ago and Cagliari must be in with an excellent chance. One can only hope that Vitali is not a bad old penny, taking his troubles everywhere he goes.

Vaunted

Roma have begun disastrously, guileless in midfield, inept in attack, their vaunted defenders nervous and clumsy. Things can't continue in this sorry state for much longer, and if the club had even one class striker I wouldn't hesitate to suggest that they could finish in the top quarter of the table. But they haven't.

Anyone else? I don't think so. Mantova, Catanzaro and Atlanta, the three new recruits; Varese, Verona, Sampdoria, Vicenza—if any of these win the *scudetto* I swear I'll buy a magnum of champagne for every WORLD SOCCER contributor. As long as they'll all swear to buy me one if Juventus come out top.

Danish ladies triumph

DENMARK retained the women's World Cup by beating Mexico 3-0 in the final, but only after an unladylike squabble over the proceeds from the competition. The Mexicans threatened to boycott the final unless they were paid—a practice strictly forbidden by the women's international federation, which stipulates that all players must be amateurs. However the huge gates at the later matches in the tournament—90,000 and 110,000 at Mexico's semi-final and final respectively—led the girls to feel they should receive a substantial reward for their efforts. The matter was eventually settled discreetly behind the scenes.

Not that Mexico really deserved to reach the final in any case, for their 2-1 win in the semi-finals against Italy was an extremely doubtful affair. The French referee, Stephanie Frère, gave Mexico two penalties, disallowed two Italian goals, and completely lost control of a match which ended with both teams doing their best to scratch each other's eyes out. It seems that a campaign to clean up women's football cannot be long delayed.

★

WEST Germany's clubs have made some rapid alterations in their players' contracts following the series of scandals that have made headline news throughout the summer. Munich 1860, for example, have now specifically forbidden their professionals to accept bonuses from any other source except the club itself. This, of course, follows the cases in which players were alleged to have received additional money for "playing well" against selected opponents.

In East Germany, meanwhile, comes news of a similar bribery affair. BSG Chemie Wolfen, a Second Division side, have been relegated to the regional league for various breaches of the rules. Most of them involved the payment of bribes to opposing teams last season in order to help Wolfen gain promotion to the First Division.

This is by no means the first case of its kind in East Germany: the season before two other clubs, Stahl Eisenhuettenstadt and Aktivist Schwarze Pumpe, were also relegated to regional football when similar offences came to light.

Classified Results

JULY 4

Paraguay 1 (Arrua, pen.)
Argentina 1 (Marcos)

Paraguay: Baez; Molinas, Enciso, Monges, Mendoza; Espinosa, Alcides, Sosa; Arrua, Del Puerto, Duarte, Irala.
Argentina: Marin; Dominichi, Rezza, Laraignee, Heredia; Pastoriza, Landucci, Ortega; Marcos, Fischer, Mas.
(Ref: O. Coelho/Brazil).

JULY 9

Argentina (1) 1 (Laraignee pen.)
Paraguay (0) 0

Argentina: Marin; Carrascosa, Rezza, Laraignee, Heredia; Pastoriza, Landucci, Ortega (Madurga); Marcos, Fischer (Bianchi), Mas.
Paraguay: Villanueva; Molina, Bobadilla, Enciso, Mendoza; Monges, Espinosa (Jara Saguir), Sosa; Arrua, Gimenez, Diarte (Irala).
(Ref: L. Castillana/Chile).

JULY 14

Chile (2) 3 (Osorio, Castro 2) 30,000
Paraguay (0) 2 (Arrua, Diarte)

Chile: Olivares; Garcia, Rodriguez, Quintano, Pinochet; Viveros, Pacheco (Messen); Araya, Fouilloux (Vasquez), Castro, Osorio.
Paraguay: Baez; Molina, Monges, Bobadilla, Mendoza; Espinosa, Sosa; Arrua, Gimenez, Diarte, Irala (Del Puerto).
(Ref: R. Barreiro/Argentina).

Brazil (1) 1 (Tostao)
Czechoslovakia (0) 0

Brazil: Felix; Jose Maria, Brito, Piazza, Everaldo; Clodoaldo, Gerson, Rivelino; Zequinha, Tostao (Vaguinho), Paulo Cesar (Claudomiro).
Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Dobias, Hrivnak; Desiatnik, Taborsky; Karko, Szikora, Polak; Vesely, Stratil, Capkovic.

Argentina 1 (Madurga)
Uruguay 0

Argentina: Sanchez; Dominichi, Rezza, Laraignee, Heredia; Madurga, Landucci, Pastoriza; Ayala, Bianchi, Mas.
Uruguay: Aguirre; Blanco, Anchetta, Aparicio, Campo; Esparrago, Montero, Castillo, Ibanez; Pizano, Bertocci, Rodriguez.
(Ref: Barreto/Uruguay).

JULY 16

Brazil (1) 1 (Pele) 125,000
Austria (1) 1 (Jara)

Brazil: Felix; Ze Maria, Brito, Wilson, Piazza, Everaldo (Marco Antonio); Clodoaldo, Gerson, Rivelino; Zequinho, Tostao, Pele (Paulo Cesar).
Austria: Rettenmainer; Hagadiek, Sturmberger, Schmidradner, Eigenstiller; Hickersberger, Starek, Hof; Kodat, Ettmayer, Jara.

JULY 18

Brazil (0) 2 (Rivelino, Gerson) 120,000
Yugoslavia (1) 2 (Dzajic, Jerkovic)

Brazil: Felix; Ze Maria (Eurico), Brito, Wilson, Piazza, Everaldo (Marco Antonio); Clodoaldo, Gerson, Rivelino; Zequinho, Vaguinho, Pele (Claudomiro).
(Ref: Vitalbourseux/Belgium).

JULY 21

Brazil (0) 0 45,000
Hungary (0) 0

Brazil: Felix; Ze Maria, Brito, Wilson Piazza, Everaldo; Clodoaldo, Gerson, Rivelino; Zequinha, Tostao, Vaguinho.
Hungary: Geczi; Fabian, Pancsics, Peter, Idaus; Szucs, Fazekas, Juhasz; Dunai, Bene, Zundo.
(Ref: K. Tschenker/Germany).

Chile (0) 2 (Viveros, Castro)
Argentina (1) 2 (Bianchi 2)

Chile: Vallejos; Garcia, Rodriguez, Quintano, Arias; Pacheco, Viveros, Messen; Fouilloux, Castro, Osorio.
Argentina: Sanchez; Dominichi, Rezza, Laraignee, Heredia; Brindisi, Landucci, Madurga; Ayala, Bianchi, Fischer.
Ref: A. Ithurralde/Argentina).

JULY 25

Brazil (1) 1 (Claudomiro) 40,000
Paraguay (0) 0

Brazil: Felix; Ze Maria, Brito, Luis Carlos, Everaldo; Clodoaldo, Gerson, Rivelino; Zequinha (Claudomiro), Vaguinho, Tostao (Paulo Cesar).
Paraguay: Villanueva; Ortiz, Rojas, Bobadilla, Mendoza (Enciso); Sosa (Verga), Jara, Del Puerto (Irala); Arrua, Diarte (Comar), Gimenez.

JULY 28

Peru 0 40,000
Paraguay 0

Peru: Sartor; Campos, Cardenas, Chumpitaz, Fuentes; Quesada, Miffin, Challe; Sotil, Cubillas, Gallardo.
Paraguay: Villanueva; Molina, Rojas, Bobadilla, Mendoza; Sosa, Jara, Del Puerto; Verga, Arrua, Gimenez.
(Ref: Edison Perez).

Argentina (0) 1 (Madurga)
Brazil (0) 1 (Paulo Cesar)

Argentina: Sanchez; Dominichi, Bargas, Laraignee, Heredia; Pastoriza, Brindisi, Madurga; Ayala, Bianchi, Fischer.
Brazil: Felix; Ze Maria, Brito, Wilson, Piazza, Everaldo; Clodoaldo, Gerson, Rivelino, Vaguinho, Claudomiro, Tostao.
(Ref: V. Loureiaux).

JULY 29

Chile (1) 2 (Zarate, Gallegos) 31,000
Uruguay (0) 0

Chile: Neff; Herrera, Rodriguez, Quintano, Pinocher; Sarnari, Vasquez, Pacheco; Grafina, Beruh, Zarate.
Uruguay: Garcia; Riveros, Figueroa, Matosas, Mujica; Fontes, Prieto, Repetto; Bertocchi, Artime, Cubilla.

JULY 31

Argentina (1) (1) 2 (Fischer 2)
Brazil (0) (1) 1 2 (Tostao, Paulo Cesar)
(after extra time)

Argentina: Sanchez; Dominichi, Bargas, Laraignee, Heredia; Brindisi, Pastoriza, Madurga (Landucci); Ayala (D. Ortega), Bianchi (Mastrangelo), Fischer.
Brazil: Felix; Eurico, Brito, Wilson Piazza, Everaldo (Marco Antonio); Clodoaldo (Claudomiro), Gerson, Rivelino; Vaguino (Lula), Paulo Cesar, Tostao.
Ref: R. Scheurer/Switzerland).

AUGUST 4

Argentina (0) 1 (Fischer)
Chile (0) 0

Argentina: Sanchez; Dominichi, Bargas, Laraignee, Heredia; Pastoriza, Brindisi, Madurga; Bianchi, D. Ortega, Fischer.
Chile: Neff; Garcia, Rodriguez, Quintano, Pinochet; Veviros, Pacheco, Peralta; Araya, Castro, Osorio.
(Ref: L. Castimonna/Chile).

European Championship

GROUP 1

Czechoslovakia 1, Finland 1
Rumania 3, Finland 0
Wales 0, Rumania 0
Wales 1, Czechoslovakia 3
Czechoslovakia 1, Rumania 0
Finland 0, Wales 1
Finland 0, Czechoslovakia 4

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Czechoslovakia	4	3	1	0	9	2	7
Rumania	3	1	1	1	3	1	3
Wales	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Finland	4	0	1	3	1	9	1

GROUP 2

Norway 1, Hungary 3
France 3, Norway 1
Bulgaria 1, Norway 1
Hungary 1, France 1
Hungary 0, Bulgaria 3
Norway 1, Bulgaria 4
Norway 1, France 3

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bulgaria	3	2	1	0	8	2	5
France	3	2	1	0	7	3	5
Hungary	3	1	1	1	4	5	3
Norway	5	0	1	4	5	12	1

GROUP 3

Malta 1, Greece 1
Greece 0, Switzerland 1
Malta 0, Switzerland 2
Malta 0, England 1
Switzerland 5, Malta 0
England 3, Greece 0
England 5, Malta 0
Switzerland 1, Greece 0
Greece 2, Malta 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Switzerland	4	4	0	0	9	1	8
England	3	3	0	0	9	0	6
Greece	5	1	1	3	3	6	5
Malta	6	0	1	5	2	15	1

GROUP 4

Spain 3, Northern Ireland 0
Cyprus 1, Russia 3
Cyprus 0, Northern Ireland 3
Northern Ireland 5, Cyprus 0
Cyprus 0, Spain 2
Russia 2, Spain 1
Russia 6, Cyprus 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Russia	3	3	0	0	11	3	6
Spain	3	2	0	1	6	2	4
Northern Ireland	3	2	0	1	8	3	4
Cyprus	5	0	0	5	2	19	0

GROUP 5

Denmark 0, Portugal 1
Scotland 1, Denmark 0
Belgium 2, Denmark 0
Belgium 3, Scotland 0
Belgium 3, Portugal 0
Portugal 2, Scotland 0
Portugal 5, Denmark 0
Denmark 1, Belgium 2
Denmark 1, Scotland 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	4	4	0	0	10	1	8
Portugal	4	3	0	1	8	3	6
Scotland	4	1	0	3	1	6	2
Denmark	6	1	0	5	2	11	2

GROUP 6

Eire 1, Sweden 1
Sweden 1, Eire 0
Austria 1, Italy 2
Italy 3, Eire 0
Eire 1, Italy 2
Sweden 1, Austria 0
Eire 1, Austria 4
Sweden 0, Italy 0
Austria 0, Sweden 1
Austria 1, Sweden 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	4	3	1	0	7	2	7
Sweden	5	2	2	1	3	2	6
Austria	4	2	0	2	6	4	4
Eire	5	0	1	4	3	11	1

GROUP 7

Holland 1, Yugoslavia 1
Luxembourg 0, Yugoslavia 2
East Germany 1, Holland 0
Luxembourg 0, East Germany 5
Holland 6, Luxembourg 0
Yugoslavia 1, Holland 0
East Germany 2, Luxembourg 1
East Germany 1, Yugoslavia 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Yugoslavia	4	3	1	0	6	2	7
East Germany	4	3	0	1	9	3	6
Holland	4	1	1	2	7	3	3
Luxembourg	4	0	0	4	1	15	0

GROUP 8

Poland 3, Albania 0
West Germany 1, Turkey 1
Turkey 2, Albania 1
Albania 0, West Germany 1
Turkey 0, West Germany 3
Albania 1, Poland 1
West Germany 2, Albania 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
West Germany	4	3	1	0	7	1	7
Poland	2	1	1	0	4	1	3
Turkey	3	1	1	1	3	5	3
Albania	5	0	1	4	2	9	1

BEST...

● *Continued from page 21*

longer have been clear in his own mind of the facts. It may even be that in his pre-match talk to the players that he did leave an impression that the increased restrictions on swearing applied solely to the referee.

Given all this, given all these lawyers' loopholes, it remains (remarkably) beyond dispute that George Best used foul and abusive language: he may have used it at the moon, or at Willie Morgan; but he used it. Now Law 12 (better known these days as J. L. Manning's Law) requires that "A player shall be sent off the field of play if he is guilty of violent conduct, i.e. using foul and abusive language". As indeed Best was guilty, and was sent off.

However, the law does not require the player who is sent off to receive further punishment; it only expects it. The latitude afforded the FA Disciplinary Commission is intended to be exercised where they are convinced that the referee has genuinely made a mistake, usually one of identification; whereby they use the loophole that they are of the opinion "that the sending-off constituted sufficient punishment". If Mr. Burtenshaw made a mistake, it was only of believing he would be backed up by the committee.

No one, I am sure, wanted to see George Best suspended for three months; or ever imagined that his sudden explosions in matches could be entirely disassociated from the brutal physical treatment meted out to him.

George Best, pictured playing for Manchester United against Crystal Palace on the Saturday before his case came up before the FA Disciplinary Committee.

A few years ago they were among the First Division elite. Now they flounder in the back-waters.

Wednesday—a sorry tale of distress

by ERIC THORNTON

WE were pleasantly talking about the prize-chasing prospects of Britain's top clubs when a Norwegian sports journalist suddenly tossed this one into my lap: "What's happened to Sheffield Wednesday?"

That was the signal. It set 'em all going. Immediately, further questions on the identical topic were eagerly shaped by almost everybody in that London gathering of overseas newspapermen.

All wanted information. All wanted reasons for the shattering decline of a club which had once set the yearly pace, and it was clearly obvious they were genuinely dismayed.

It is, indeed, sad to contemplate such a fall from grace, and, naturally, hardly surprising to note the rumblings of discontent throughout that particular part of the country, and the demands for changes in the Corridors of Power.

Relegated

A militant shareholding group has been battling for places on the board, and the position became worse when, after being relegated yet again, last year, they only managed to claim a spot eighth from the wrong end of that chart.

In addition, despondency spread even further like a cancer when it was announced that there had been a loss of £58,000, and the directors admitted, in the annual report: "We could not derive much pride from the team's performance."

Now, they are having another go, fighting to regain lost pride, but few are prepared to back them, and the match-going traffic along the Penistone Road remains so thin that you could drive a coach and four through it with ease.

Entertained

It's all very bewildering, and especially for those who, like myself, have admired this outfit over the years stretching from Ernie Blenkinsop and Alf Strange to Eddie Quigley, Albert Quixall, and Derek Dooley, and been entertained and thrilled on dozens of occasions by their own brand of football.

I remember with particular pleasure the stylish defensive play of Blenkinsop, who wound up a colourful career in Liverpool's colours shortly before the outbreak of war, and others like Fred Kean, Ellis Rimmer and Ronnie Starling.

They always appeared to have plenty of class players on the books right from the start in 1866, and some idea of their remarkable history can be gathered from the fact that they began contesting Cup finals in 1890, and first carried off the League championship in 1903.

Managers have formed a mixed, but interesting crowd, including Jimmy McMullan, Vic Buckingham, Harry Catterick, and Billy Walker, the old Villa idol of the days of Dorrell, Capewell, Mort and Moss, who guided them to a Wembley triumph over West Bromwich in 1935, promised ever greater successes but went down with them into the Second Division two years later.

Over the last two decades, however, they seem to have spent most of their time travelling between the top circles. One year in the First Division, another in the Second, and so on. Frustrating and annoying to the fan who has ideas about the major prizes.

Here's the kind of record they have built up. Down in 1951, back in the First Division within 12 months, and then a repeat of that performance after being relegated once more in 1955 and 1958.

It's not the type of performance any fan wants to dwell upon, and, indeed, ulcers thrive on that kind of excitement all of which probably supplies the reason for Wednesday supporters being dubious about their chances this winter.

Let's admit on reviewing the present position that the early weeks provided exceptionally tough going for six matches out of the first nine played on other grounds.

I do know one thing. Everybody—yes, everybody—is wishing Dooley the very best of luck. At any rate, if a fair share comes his way it will only be the entitlement of a man who was struck down so cruelly by injury at the height of his own career.

Best of good fortune, Derek, and may Sheffield Wednesday and its wonderful ground at Hillsborough be soon back again with the other big names.

Sheffield Wednesday: back row left to right: Todd, Wilcockson (now Doncaster), Warboys (now Cardiff), Ellis, Downes. Centre: Prophett, Lymer, Grummitt, Springett, Craig, Lawson (now St. Mirren). Front: Prendergast, Burton, Thompson, Young, Smith (now Coventry), Potts, Sinclair.

Jones (once of Spurs) plays on with Wealdstone

BY PETER BROWN

HOWEVER good they may have been in their heyday, there comes a time in the life of a professional footballer when he has to face the truth about his age. When he must come to terms with himself and face the facts of life by answering the question "Just how long have I left at playing football?"

This problem has recently been tackled by Cliff Jones, and as we are all aware, Cliff is no ordinary footballer. He was a key player in the Tottenham Hotspur team in the glorious days of the early '60s when they won acclaim both at home and abroad, including their fantastic run to get the League and Cup double. But as far as Cliff is concerned, it was probably the number of Welsh international caps he won, 62 in all, that gave him some of the greatest thrills of his career.

Before the start of the current season, Cliff was wondering what to do, but instead of giving up the game for good, he decided to play for the Southern League Division 1 side of Wealdstone.

Spare-time

At the age of 35 he has decided to remain in the game that he has always loved so well. He also finds that the spare-time arrangement gives him more time to be a family man, although he makes a point of putting in a hard day's work for the company where he works during the day.

When he cannot be with his family in their North London home at Palmers Green, he likes them to give him support on the football field.

"I have three daughters, but my son Stephen comes down and joins in the training when he can. He is 14. My wife Joan is also interested and she comes and watches the games whenever she can spare the time," says Cliff.

Apprentice

He hails from a famous football family, his father being one of the greatest footballers the soccer world has ever known. But it was his father who wanted Cliff to take up a more steady profession. So at 16 he became an apprentice ship's plumber in the dry docks at his home town of Swansea. With championship level schoolboy football behind him, Cliff began playing for the then Second Division side of Swansea Town.

"At first I signed on for the ground staff at Swansea, then I got into one of their sides.

"I was six years at Swansea. I got into the first team once or twice, but I became restless and asked to be put on the transfer list," he says.

The story from there is generally known. In 1958 he was transferred for a then record £35,000 to Tottenham Hotspur, where he stayed until 1969. He remains reserved about his 11 years with Spurs, although he does make a point of saying that the team was doing well in those days because of the "terrific players" they had, players such as Dave Mackay. But what does Cliff Jones think of Southern League football?

It's a league and a class all of its own. This move to Wealdstone comes after playing at Fulham for two seasons and the odd games with King's Lynn and Bedford.

"It was Alan Humphries who asked me to come to Wealdstone. I was with Alan at Fulham before he took the job as manager for Wealdstone. I think the season is going very well. We have some good players. Being Cliff Jones I am obviously marked by the opposing teams," he says.

He feels that he is not too old and reckons that he has at least another two or three seasons left.

Watching him train today is just like watching the Cliff Jones of yesterday, because he still has the talent and mastery in his feet and head, except he is a more mature Cliff Jones.

When not playing for Wealdstone or out training on their two nightly sessions, he is following the day-time occupation of a sheet metal worker only a few yards from the Tottenham football ground. "But I seldom see the players," he remarked.

Instead of facing First Division clubs on a Saturday afternoon such as Arsenal, Chelsea, Leeds and Manchester United, he is facing teams such as Dunstable Town, Lockheed - Leamington and Stevenage Athletic.

When you stop to think about the situation, it's not as strange as it seems, because Cliff Jones is one of the few people in the game who has realised that he must change his standard of play, not because of his skill, but because of his age.

Venture arrested

A LONG time ago Guyala Grosics, the Hungarian goalkeeper, spent a short time in jail for smuggling on a small scale. But there's been nothing to compare with the contraband found on Victor Vasilve Venture, manager of the Portuguese side on a goodwill visit to South Korea.

Venture succeeded in bringing large quantities of emeralds and diamonds into the country, but when he tried to find some prospective buyers, the news of his contraband reached the authorities. While he was in the act of selling some of the jewels to prominent Korean businessmen at his hotel, a posse of police and customs men descended on his room and caught him red-handed.

The customs officers confiscated 2,800 emeralds and more than 100 diamonds, which had been hidden in a false bottom to his briefcase. The value of the haul was said to be at least £100,000.

The team's interpreter, Fernando Augusto, who had been present at the time of the negotiations, was also arrested, and for a while the Portuguese were so horrified at what had happened that they refused to play the third match of their tour. They finally arrived at the stadium more than 30 minutes after the scheduled kick-off, but went on to beat the Korean All Stars 3-0, after leading 2-0 at half-time.

The following day they left Korea for home, without, alas, Messrs. Augusto and Venture, whose bid to turn a football tour into a money-making exercise had sadly misfired.

GOOD START FOR BRITISH CLUBS

ARSENAL began their quest for European Cup success in Norway with an easy 3-1 win over Stromgodset. The little Norwegian club did at least manage a goal but Arsenal rarely moved out of first gear and won as they pleased.

Celtic were less fortunate in another Scandinavian country. They went to play BK Copenhagen and were beaten 2-1.

In the Cup Winners Cup the holders, Chelsea, displayed a refreshing relish for goals and hit eight past a bemused Hutcharage of Luxembourg. Frankly the match was no contest and the return leg is likely to require a mathematician as referee.

Liverpool, it would appear, could have done with easier opponents than Servette; although the Swiss club was not expected to unruffle the mighty Liverpool. But they did and beat them, 2-1.

Rangers drew 1-1 with Rennes in France and should get through the second leg.

The new UEFA Cup provided few upsets. Aberdeen beat Celta of Spain 2-0 away from home while in Scotland, Dundee hammered Akademisk of Denmark 4-2. Not so lucky were St. Johnstone, defeated 2-1 by Hamburg in West Germany.

Tottenham beat Reyjavik of Iceland 6-1 (no goals for Martin Chivers, however) and Southampton gained a 2-1 victory over Ronnie Allen's club, Atletico Bilbao. In the second half of this match Ron Davies came on as a substitute — his first appearance of the season.

Leeds, with an unstrengthened side, went to Belgium and beat Lierse 2-0. Wolves, at home, won 3-0 against Academica of Portugal.

Full results, goalscorers and line-ups of all European Cup, Cup Winners Cup and UEFA Cup matches will appear next month.

Plus a report from Peter Jackson; who travelled to East Germany with Cardiff City for their Cup Winners Cup match against Dynamo Dresden. The result: 1-1.

Daiglish of Celtic is tackled by Gilmour of Morton.

Docherty is Scots' choice

SCOTTISH football was given a tremendous shot in the arm when the news broke that one of its most controversial sons was to take charge, albeit on a temporary basis, of its national side.

The job was handed to former Chelsea, Rotherham, Queen's Park Rangers and Aston Villa boss Tommy Docherty, who returned to the British Isles for the 1971–72 season after a successful season in Portugal where he took Porto to third place in the Portuguese League behind Benfica and Sporting.

Tommy, now number two to Terry Neil at Hull City in the comparative, for him, obscurity of the English Second Division, was told he would be in command for the European Championship clashes with Belgium and Portugal and clearly he is on trial. Success in these matches or a marked improvement in the Scottish team in these games would surely give him the job on a permanent basis, at least until after the next World Cup.

The former Scottish international doesn't hide the fact that his ambitions as far as Scotland go are to reach West Germany in 1974 and he sees the present clampdown by the referees as an advantage to the Scots, whose short passing game has been rather bogged down over the years with the advent of the more vigorous style of play.

Enthusiasm

His appointment came as a great surprise in many quarters. Yet was greeted with great enthusiasm for it began to appear as if nobody was interested in the post, recently vacated by Bobby Brown, who was sacked from his job reputed to be worth £4,000 a year.

The task of leading the Scots was offered to Falkirk's Willie Cunningham and the salary doubled. However, the man who has done so much towards rebuilding the Scottish club, turned the offer down.

World SOCCER
JARDINE Rangers and BOOTH Morton

GRASSHOPPERS Back Row Left to Right: Citherlet, Becker, Grobli, Mocellin, Malzacher, Meier, Ruegg, Ohlauser, Muller.
Front Row: Borrini, Staudenmann, Schneberger, Hussy, Winiger, Meyer, Deck.